

The Second Catholic Congress.

THERE was general if not universal agreement last year at Leeds, that the substitution of Congresses for Conferences was justified by the success already attained. The difference, we may remind our readers, between a Conference and a Congress, is that in a Conference, such as was held annually for so many years by the Catholic Truth Society, a single Society, though one with many-sided interests, gathered all who attended into a single hall for all the discussions; whereas a Congress, such as was held last year at Leeds and this year at Newcastle, brings together many societies (in fact, over twenty on these occasions), and provides a number of halls, so that each society may have one to itself in which it can assemble its members and friends to discuss apart the subjects which appeal to it, and the measures to be taken for their realization. A necessary consequence of this multiplication of halls is to subdivide the possible attendances, and it was this that caused anxiety to those who remembered the well-filled and animated meetings which had marked the proceedings of the Conferences. Would not the gatherings at a Congress be too small, even in the room assigned to the Catholic Truth Society, to evoke the enthusiasm so necessary for success? These fears were to some extent justified by the result. The numbers at the purely sectional meetings were often small, and in some cases extremely poor, though in the combined meetings of kindred societies which varied the proceedings, the standard of attendances reached by the Conferences was well maintained. But for a fair estimate of the value of the new departure it was necessary to take into account all the aspects of the Congress, and to weigh future possibilities as well as present attainments. If the sectional attendances were small, there was compensation in the sense of a fuller reality about the proceedings, now that those taking part in them were the very persons who would have it in their power to work in organized bodies for the advancement of

the very definite objects on which they had consulted and resolved. Then again, now that all the more important societies of Catholic workers, many of whom had hitherto held their separate conferences apart in time and place, found themselves together, as represented by their leaders, and could enter into friendly intercourse and compare notes, they felt that they could understand one another better, profit by one another's experience, appreciate and deepen the sense of unity which bound them altogether; and so go back to their homes with a firmer attachment to the grand old Church which, ever new as well as ancient, shows itself so able, by the character of its well-tried methods and the devoted yet tactful spirit it can infuse into its trained workers, to heal sore wounds of modern society, and promote its present as well as its future welfare. Moreover, when we reflect on the advantages of having the labourers in the different fields of Catholic work thus brought together in the same Congress, we must set, in the first place, the opportunity it affords to the Bishops of cultivating personal relations with them all, of manifesting how warm is the sympathy they have for their respective endeavours, whilst receiving in return assurances of the ready loyalty which animates the societies; and on this friendly basis of imparting, possibly at times a few needful warnings against dangers the lay mind might not otherwise perceive, but more often of exchanging helpful counsels for authentic facts. Certainly, it was most delightful, both at Leeds, and this year at Newcastle, to see the Bishops going about from room to room everywhere cordially welcomed, and everywhere saying words of encouragement and suggestion, which were received with the highest appreciation. One felt it was a telling process in the perfecting of the organization whereby our Catholic people, entirely untouched by the canker of anti-clericalism, may in the full strength of their union with their prelates, do splendid work for the defence of Catholic rights and the cultivation of a healthy Catholic life.

Of the mass meetings at Leeds, in connection with this comparison between the Congress and the previous Conferences, there is not much to say. After the experience of the first night when—forgetful that, inasmuch as piety runs in families, and hence that even a small charge taxes too heavily a working-man's purse—the executive had set their charges too high, the mass-meetings were as large and enthusiastic as one could

wish; but then the Conferences of former days had accustomed us to overflowing meetings in all the large cities of the kingdom. Perhaps, however, there was the sense at Leeds that the mass-meetings as well as the sectional meetings meant more than on former occasions, because the numbers gathered together were more widely representative.

In these few remarks we have been looking back on the Congress of last year, and the prospects it discovered to us of richer developments to come, now that it has been possible to pass from Conferences to the higher plane of Congresses. It is with design that we have been thus retrospective, because these are just the points we need to keep before us if we wish to gauge aright the wonderful success of the Newcastle Congress. Under all the aspects indicated, this year's Congress has marked an advance on that of last year. The work then commenced was resumed, its lines were more carefully defined, its foundations more firmly set; acquaintances then made were renewed, and friendships formed among those coming from different parts who could be of use to one another in their respective undertakings for the Catholic cause; encouragement was derived from the spectacle of so many efficient agencies engaged in supplying the manifold needs, spiritual, mental, and corporal, of our Catholic population; attachment to our Holy Church was strengthened and the apostolic spirit enkindled by a manifestation of Catholic unity in faith and charity so striking as to impress outside observers. "I looked in," said a writer in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, "at each of the big mass-meetings, and the vast congregations I saw there were to me impressive symbols of a remarkable unity." All this indeed had been experienced similarly at many a previous gathering, but on this occasion the circle of Catholic workers embraced was so much wider, and the significance of such a concord of minds and souls such as only the Catholic Faith could show, was felt to be proportionately greater.

Moreover, the difficulty from the subdivision of attendances which had been in some degree experienced at Leeds was quite unfelt at Newcastle; partly of course because, great as is the population of Leeds, it is surpassed by that of the aggregate of towns which extends on each bank of the Tyne from Newcastle to the sea; but principally because the movement commenced last year had grown in volume during the interval, so many having

learnt from the Leeds Congress to realize its importance and resolved to take part in it. Thus the Catholic Truth Society saw its hall packed at the two joint meetings on Saturday afternoon and Monday morning, whilst on Monday afternoon, for a subject exclusively its own, an overflow meeting had to be arranged. The Catholic Women's League, Catholic Social Guild, the Newcastle Benefit Society, the Guild of Ransom, the League of the Cross, the Tertiaries of St. Francis, all reported large and interested audiences, whilst the Catholic Confederation, the Catholic Trades Unionists, the Catholic Young Mens' Society not only had attendances large in themselves, but such as were the more important because including numerous delegates from local branches or kindred societies. Thus the Young Mens' Catholic Society, which joined the National Congress this year for the first time, had on the Saturday evening the formal reception of a hundred delegates. Other societies, like the Catholic Reading Guild and the Catholic Guardians' Society, had not indeed large attendances, but such as sufficed for their special purpose which, particularly in the latter case, required that the participants should be weighed rather than counted. The time for the Congress had been fixed so as to include the Bank Holiday, and give the Catholic working men their opportunity for taking part in the proceedings. On the other hand fears were expressed by many in the neighbourhood that this assignment might tell rather against than in favour of the attendances, and in this connection an Irish festival at Durham, for which the people had been saving up their money for months past, was cited as to take place on that day and likely to prove a serious rival to the Congress. What happened at the Durham festival we are not aware: we trust that it was the success it deserved to be. But the enormous numbers at the mass-meeting that evening in the White City, and the still larger numbers in the afternoon who pressed into Jesmond Dene to be received by the Archbishop and the Bishops, not to speak of the increased attendances that day at the sectional meetings in which the working-man element was easily discernible, proved conclusively that the Archbishop was justified in his choice of time, and that the Catholics of the district have a faith strong enough to prefer a demonstration on its behalf even to the delights of the sea-side or the green fields, on the best of their four annual holidays.

We must be content to comment on a few only of the

subjects of interest that came before this Congress. In his opening Address the Archbishop referred to the Roman question in words that were obviously meant to be an authentic statement of the reasons, so much misunderstood by Catholics as well as Protestants, which constrain the Sovereign Pontiff to keep up his protest against the condition in which he is placed at Rome. It is not that either he or his spiritual subjects throughout the world are indifferent "to the aspirations first conceived many centuries ago, then sung by poets and proclaimed by statesmen as the years went on, and culminating in the last century in an irresistible desire for the unifying of the Italian people . . . a natural and vehement desire that the Italian peninsula might take in the midst of the great European nations a place worthy of its history, its resources, and of the glorious achievements of the past." What the Holy Father protests against, and till it is remedied will never cease to protest against, is that this unification of Italy should have been effected in a manner to rob him of his civil independence. Not that "there is any desire on the part of the Papacy for temporal dominion as such," or any "desire to play a part as one of the leading powers of the earth in the competition for increased worldly possessions. . . 'My Kingdom is not of this world' is a thought ever present to those who are concerned solely about spiritual things." But, continued the Archbishop, quoting words of his own used five years ago at Brighton,

It is of sovereign importance to Catholics all over the world that the Supreme Pastor of the Church should be absolutely independent in the exercise of the authority divinely entrusted to him. To this end he must not be the subject of any temporal ruler, lest the temporal interests of that ruler should be made to interfere with his spiritual authority, and thus lessen his influence and independence in dealing with the world-wide religious interests which are committed to him. Thus Pontifical independence, as it is termed, is essential to the free, full, and unfettered exercise of the authority of the Sovereign Pontificate.

The Archbishop's purpose was to emphasize two things.

Let it not be said that the problem of conciliating the civil independence of the Papacy with the unity of the newly-formed Kingdom of Italy presents a problem so difficult as to be practically incapable of solution. It is not indeed for us to determine what is the exact measure of independent sovereignty which is needed to give to the Holy

See the free exercise of all its spiritual rights . . . [but] on the side of the Holy See the conditions are not likely to be too onerous . . . so long as these spiritual things are duly and really and incontestably guarded, the extent of the civil independence which guarantees this is a matter of small account.

His Grace then referred to the Republic of San Marino in Italy itself, the Principality of Monaco in the Republic of France, and other instances, as showing "how easily with a little good will the Civil Independence of the Holy See might be adequately secured without detaching it in any way from the essential unity of the Kingdom of Italy." This was his first point. His second was a reminder that the accomplishment of such a settlement was as necessary for the stability of the Kingdom of Italy as for the securing of the Pope's civil independence.

It is idle for those who have the prosperity of Italy at heart to ignore the presence therein of very dangerous and subversive elements who, if they hate the Papacy and strive to injure it, are scarcely less hostile to the House of Savoy and to the very idea of monarchy. If these revolutionary elements succeed in obtaining even a temporary mastery, the Kingdom of Italy will be in danger greater far than any which can ever menace the Papacy. Is it not, then, the extreme of foolishness to leave unsettled this "Roman" question, thereby alienating and paralyzing the conservative forces of the country, without whose aid United Italy can never hope for a stable and solidly progressive prosperity. It is not merely as Catholics, but as lovers and admirers of so much that is noble and glorious in the history of the Italian people, that we most earnestly desire a speedy and completely satisfactory settlement of this difficult, but most certainly soluble problem.

On Sunday afternoon a mass-meeting at the White City was organized by the Catholic Women's League, which was much in evidence all through the Congress. The Hall, which is reputed to hold ten thousand persons, was packed to overflowing, a signal testimony to the influence this League has already acquired in Newcastle as elsewhere. The subject chosen for the occasion was the goal of internationalization which it is desirable to keep in view, and accordingly, of the four invited to address the meeting, two were ladies from the Continent—whose papers, however, in their unavoidable absence, were read by others. The Baroness Montenach told of what German Catholic women are doing on the *Frauen-*

bund, Madame Leroy-Liberge of what French Catholic women are doing on the *Ligue Patriotique des Françaises*, and Miss Margaret Fletcher spoke on the Movement in England. Each gave an account of what her respective association is doing, from which it appeared that abroad they are working on the same lines and in the same spirit as in England. Of course, their numbers greatly exceed ours. We have so far 6,000 members, a goodly number where Catholics are so few; but the German *Frauenbund*, though founded quite recently, has now 30,000 members, whilst the French *Ligue Patriotique* has—it makes one almost giddy to think of such a figure—500,000. Père Cavois, who represented the *Action Populaire*, was further able to say that the process of internationalizing the Catholic Women's Leagues has already been commenced, and by now includes fourteen nations, France, England, and Germany among them. Besides this representative of the French *Action Populaire*, there had come also to the Congress an Austrian Jesuit, Father Bögle, to represent the *Piusverein*. His paper, giving an account of this German correlative to the *Action Populaire*, has not, unfortunately, been so far published. It was read, not at the Sunday afternoon mass-meeting, but at a sectional meeting of the Catholic Reading Guild. We class Father Bögle here with the other representatives of Continental Catholicism, because their presence was a pleasing and hopeful feature of this Congress. The more the Catholics of different countries are organized and brought into intimate relations with one another, the richer will be the fund of experience and support they can bring to one another's aid. May we not hope, therefore, that from now onwards the presence of foreign Catholics will be a standing feature in the Congresses of Catholic women as of men, in England and elsewhere. It is when workers in like fields become intimate that they can help one another effectually.

One criticism on this afternoon's meeting in the White City. Excellent and pertinent as the papers were in themselves, the general feeling was that in a mass-meeting papers are out of place. It is the living voice which appeals to the masses, and the living voice of those who can make themselves heard easily by all present, and besides, can cast their thoughts into a popular form and play on the emotions as well as instruct the intellects of the listeners.

The Catholic Federations were particularly busy during the

Congress. These Federations, following the precedent set some years earlier by the South London Catholic League, sprang into being in many of the large towns in 1905 and 1906, with the object of defending Catholic rights then threatened by the educational policy of the new Government. They sought to enlighten our people as to the nature of the impending calamity, and to train them to adopt effectual methods of self-defence. They made it their rule to keep clear of all party politics, but at the same time to guide the Catholic vote in elections where religious interests of vital importance were at stake. This brought them into conflict with the devisers of political combinations, and at one time their very existence was threatened from that quarter. But they have survived this danger, and broadening their scope have seen that there is a place in the Catholic system which they can usefully fill, as permanent institutions for the organization of Catholic defence. This, however, requires that they shall first arrive at clear conclusions concerning the perfecting of their own organization, the defining of their work and its methods, the adoption of a constructive as well as of a militant programme, matters to which they have been applying themselves everywhere with much zeal. One such question, of primary importance, was before them at Leeds last year, and was resumed at Newcastle this year, the question, namely, of confederating into one national body all these Federations which, having originated locally, have not so far been organically connected. The project of Confederation requires to be delicately handled, and there is general agreement that the autonomy of the constituent Federations must be respected in every way possible. But what is to be the unit of Confederation? Shall it be the "diocese," or the "individual Federation association, union, or guild"? One sees the reasons for each alternative. To federate the individual associations first into diocesan organizations and then through them into one national whole, would in itself be the simplest plan; but, on the other hand, if some of the associations as they exist at present overlap the dioceses, to federate them through the dioceses would require that they should first be broken up and reconstituted on a diocesan principle. No wonder there was acute controversy over this alternative, and we do not understand if it is yet determined, but doubtless it will be in due course and the Confederation accomplished, for this is what all unite in desiring, in view particularly of the

impending renewal of the attack on our Catholic schools. The Archbishop, too, in his address to this meeting indicated a further reason why Confederation should be hastened.

The need [he said] of confederation was greater now than it had ever been before, and that not so much in the present time on account of the difficulties that surrounded them, as on account of the great movement that was going on all over the world, to consolidate and systematize the forces of the Catholic Church against the powers of evil which were rampant in different countries of the world. He had been approached by people abroad in order that he might tell them in what way they could enter into closer contact with the Catholic forces here, and the same thing had been brought to his mind by Father Dowling, who spoke so eloquently at the Leeds Congress last year. His answer to Father Dowling was that they must first have a solid unit here in England, to co-operate with other units abroad, and that unit, to his mind, could only be found in a Confederation. . . . He thought they ought to direct all their attention at present, not so much to co-operation with other bodies abroad, as to fitting themselves for co-operation as soon as possible.

A subject intimately connected with Catholic defence, and therefore with Catholic Confederation, is that of the Catholic Press. This was discussed both by the Catholic Federation and the Catholic Reading Guild. The question of a Catholic daily paper, of course, came up—but equally, of course, was voted to be Utopian under the present conditions, which are likely to last. Even supposing it were possible to obtain for a non-political daily a sufficient circulation—which no one who understands newspaper management will believe—it would require, to put it on a sound basis, a capital so enormous as to be quite beyond the means of the Catholic body. This realized, the press problem resolves itself for Catholics into the threefold problem, how to check the misrepresentations of Catholic matters by the non-Catholic press, how to improve the weekly and periodical Catholic press, and how to get it distributed and read. As regards the non-Catholic press, several speakers—Mr. Lister Drummond, for instance—expressed their belief that the secular press was not intentionally unfair, and that is our own belief—some particular papers, of course, excepted. Often, the administration are well disposed to us, having had experience that anti-Catholic charges usually prove in the event to be unfounded, which means that Catholic protests and refutations are usually to be trusted. But they have to publish

what comes to them from their correspondents, especially their foreign correspondents, at once, which means, before they can have time to test it; whereas the refutations come, as, indeed, refutations must, when, in their judgment of the dispositions of their readers, the subjects have become stale, and perhaps forgotten. We must set it down, too, in their favour that, if they are too often taken in by the press agencies abroad, which are mostly in Masonic hands, they not unfrequently give circulation to articles by well-informed writers who testify strongly in our favour. This, to take a case in point, is what some of them have earned our gratitude by doing in regard to the Portuguese Revolution legend.

But, if we could only have a Catholic international agency such as Father Dowling foreshadowed last year! That would, indeed, be a help to us were it feasible, and perhaps it may come yet. Mr. T. P. Holland, who has experience of the United States, thought that the money for it could be got there, though Mr. Hilaire Belloc estimated that it would require £200,000 of capital; and though it must be borne in mind that a mere machinery would not suffice, but the personnel must include a class of people not so easy to find, those, namely, who know how to distinguish good evidence from bad in the accounts given to them. We feel, however, as was observed not once only at the Congress, that any scheme of this kind which is to do its work well, and is to last, must be commenced from below, by providing for it firm roots out of which in due course it will grow. And this is just what the gradual internationalizing of the Catholic Confederations and the Catholic Women's League are preparing. Indeed, already the *Action Populaire* has its representatives spread over France for this purpose, and there has been for some years past a similar agency in Germany. May we hope that one effect of this year's Congress will be to bring these Continental agencies into closer touch with the English press. For our English Catholic Press has also its work to do, by extending and systematizing its correspondences, in preparing for the more complete international news agency of the future. And here let us associate ourselves with a remark of Bishop Keating's: "I do not want to mention one paper more than another, but there is one paper which I read every week, not so much for its political news, but principally for its special articles contributed by people who know their subjects thoroughly, and whose subjects are generally very much

alive and up-to-date." It is easy to see what paper is intended, one which has made a great advance in this respect lately. We cannot dwell on the suggestions made at the Congress for the improvement of the circulation of the Catholic press. Certainly every Catholic should regard it as a duty to have and to read his Catholic paper regularly, yet we are very remiss in attending to this duty.

The Catholic Truth Society has reason to congratulate itself on the meetings which were held in its Hall. On the Saturday morning Father F. E. Ross, the recently appointed English Commissary for advocating the claims of foreign missions, drew attention to the smallness of the contribution which this country makes to the funds of the great Society on whose shoulders rests the main burden of these missions. In 1910, out of the total of £279,467, (odd), contributed by the whole world, France, in spite of the new drain on her resources through the confiscation of all her ecclesiastical endowments, contributed £121,651, that is, very nearly half; the United States £53,562, Belgium £13,716. . . . Ireland £3,723, and England £1,772. Though we are few in number, this English contribution looks very insignificant even for us, especially when we are told that up to 1860, our total sum was almost as great as it is now, and the interest taken in the work was far greater. Doubtless the main reason is that there are so many other claims on them, and such heavy financial burdens laid upon their backs, that our people think they should not be called upon to contribute to work out of the country. But, as the Bishop of Salford pointed out, that is not a spiritually wise policy. *Date et dabitur vobis* is the maxim of spiritual prudence our Lord has commended to us, and experience shows that foreign missions offer a peculiarly profitable investment for alms thus laid out. But there is a bright as well as a dark side to this picture of English interest in missions, and Father Henry, the successor of Cardinal Vaughan as Head of the Fathers of St. Joseph at Mill Hill, set it before us in another paper, in which he told what his missionaries were doing on the mission field. Just before Cardinal Vaughan died in 1903, he was rejoiced to hear that his missionaries had baptized 5,000 natives during the previous year; last year they baptized 14,000. Still we must make an effort to do much more than we are doing for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. We want some English Pauline Jaricots. Could we not find some

among our children, and, with a view to that, could not a more successful effort be made to push the work of the Holy Childhood in schools and families? It is generally felt that whilst the few give largely with self-sacrificing generosity, the majority give little or nothing. It might be a useful subject for inquiry, how far this is due to the neglect of even good parents to train their children to the practice of almsgiving from their earliest years.

The meeting of the eleven combined Societies in the C.T.S. Hall on Saturday afternoon, drew a large audience, but, as inevitably there had to be eleven speakers or writers of papers, each limited to ten minutes, the result was to elicit eleven elementary accounts of the several societies. That, perhaps, was not inappropriate for a Congress which, coming early in the series we hope to have, did well to introduce to the Catholic community this satisfactory assortment of intelligently-working Societies; but in future it would seem better, whilst adhering to the principle of combined meetings, to select one or two subjects of sufficiently general interest to be debated by all alike, after the manner followed by the former Conferences.

The palm among the sectional meetings will by common consent be awarded to that on the *Anti-rationalistic campaign*, which was held by the C.T.S. on the Monday afternoon. Father Martindale, S.J. (as we may now call him), brought under notice the determined attack on the very foundations of Christianity—on all our cherished ideas of the Incarnation, of Redemption, even of the very existence of Jesus Christ, and of a personal God—which, quite in the fiercely hostile spirit of Continental anti-clericalism, is being made by the Rationalistic Press Association, and other agencies kindred in character but still more revolting in their bad taste. Many Catholics insist that, instead of seeking to counteract the effects of this pestilent literature, we should ignore it altogether, in the hope that it will not reach our Catholic people, or touch them if it does. But Father Martindale, and after him Professor Windle, brought forward many facts to prove what, indeed, is too obvious, that our Catholics do take the poison of these publications into their moral system. And—

After all, at a time when we are glad to see our young men go to Oxford or Cambridge, when we send others straight from our Catholic schools, younger still, to Universities like that of Liverpool; when our nuns' training schools have to prepare Religious and girls for career

in which these problems are to the fore, are burning hot; when we know perfectly well that in these days our men go everywhere, read everything, mix with their fellows in club-room, market-place, and public-house—and it is to live in a fool's paradise to imagine that these things are not hotly argued even there—who shall say these things don't touch Catholics? . . . And, finally, is there not a wider view? Is the Church's mission limited to those who are already her children? Does she live only to defend what she has got? That was not Cardinal Vaughan's view. He saw that the Church was fast becoming the only guardian of dogma in an age that is losing hold upon supernatural religion. . . . Surely we may also think that in an age when the voices of human wisdom are grown stammering or confused, the divine voice of the Church, if it but speak a language which the people understand, will reach ears that are not deaf and will find a wide and glorious response awaiting her.

On these grounds Father Martindale pleaded for the sum of £500 for which the C.T.S. asks that it may make a good start in providing the kind of cheap anti-rationalistic literature required. And Dr. Windle, in supporting this appeal, expressed two opinions which, as coming from one who is both a convert and a biologist of recognized authority, were felt to be very encouraging.

He hoped he said without prejudice, that their [Catholic] clearer, coherent common-sense philosophy enabled them to deal with these things in a way people outside their ranks could not deal with them. The people who tackled this question with a proper grasp were nearly all Catholics. He had only to mention the names of Father Gerard, Zahm, and Wassmann, and others like Guibert and Dwight. . . . In considering how this work was to be done, the first thing they had got to understand was that the kind of arguments which they had yet to tackle were more the backwash of the nineteenth century than the actual scientific thought of to-day. . . . It was not the modern scientific men who were to be met, for these were, as he had said, less and less materialistic, and he cited as examples Driesch, Reinke, and Wilson.

Father Martindale and Dr. Windle both dwelt on the character of the anti-rationalistic literature we need. It must be cheap and popular in its style, yet at the same time solid, and it should cause to be felt behind it "the driving-power of real knowledge laboriously acquired, accurately exposed, honestly utilized:" it should not be merely negative but constructive, not merely defensive but claiming, as it justly can, that criticism and science—alike in the departments of Biblical and historical investigation and of natural science—are not only not against

our religion but give signal support to its positions ; it should be civil and courteous in its style, whatever be the style of those on the other side ; and, we may add as involved in all this, it should be addressed not to the blatant revilers of all that is Christian, but to the quiet, earnest, and truth-loving souls who have no sympathy with anti-clericalism, but are liable to be taken in by its confident allegations, just because there is as yet no antidotal literature to which they can have recourse.

Though with reluctance, we pass over the work done at the Congress by the Catholic Guardians' Society, the Catholic Trades Union Guild, the Catholic Boys' Brigade, with all which we have the fullest sympathy ; but we may say that the sight of the Boys' Brigade meeting made one wish that some means may be found in future Congresses of arranging for a children's demonstration. Doubtless during holiday time it is more difficult to get the children together, but, as they would be but too anxious to take their part in the Congress, it might be possible to secure their presence, and together with them a band of the older boys who belong to the Brigade.

We have said nothing so far of the two remarkable sermons preached at St. Mary's Cathedral, on the Sunday, by the Bishops of Newport and Northampton. Our readers, if they do their duty by the Catholic Press, have presumably read both of them, but we may fitly close this article with an extract from the sermon in which the Bishop of Newport, taking for his text the words of Moses, "Who will grant that the whole people shall prophesy," claimed to see in a Congress like that being held an illustration of the divine fact that in every age and in every land the people have caught fire from the divine word, and the people's faith and the people's enthusiasm have reacted upon the whole Church, as if indeed the Holy Ghost had fallen upon them.

The people, as a community, seem at times to have that gift of exalting the Kingdom of God which is called in Scripture "prophesying." And if they ever had it they have it still. The people in these days means a very different force from what it meant in the past. The people are now self-conscious ; they can unite, and they can express themselves. There is no need to trace the steps by which this result has come about. We all know that, at the time in which we live, the democracy is a most formidable engine for evil and for good.

The Church is fully alive to the changed situation. Kings and governments have still to be reckoned with, but it is a far more momentous matter that the Church should take hold of the people. And the most practical way—the only practical way—for the Church to make a lasting impression on the people is for her to make sure of the people of her own faith. . . . She will never cease to be a debtor to all the democracy of the world, but, if she can enlighten, train, and put fire into those who already call her their mother, she will then have an armed camp and way into the surging crowds outside her pale. Here we have the reason of a Congress like this. It is not a Council of Bishops or a Synod of priests. It is a Congress of our Catholic people. . . .

The Congress is then an assembly of the Catholic flock, to make itself heard and felt in the interests of the Kingdom of God. . . . Do we not feel that it is something more than a meeting of well-intentioned citizens? More than a conference of men and women with views to propound for the good of mankind? Yes. The Holy Ghost is with us, the Holy Ghost is upon us, the Holy Ghost speaks by our works and works by our agency. There is no question of a miracle or of miraculous inspiration. Neither is everything that is said or done in this Congress absolutely true or absolutely wise. But if the Holy Spirit guides the Hierarchy, so the Holy Spirit guides and moves the Catholic masses. We take the grand result, the broad effect of a meeting like this, and we find that edification, that consolation, that praise of God, that promotion of the Kingdom of God which the prophets of Israel who were not priests, and the prophets of the early centuries who were neither priests nor apostles, but representatives of the laity, were specially endowed to spread abroad in the Church. It seems to me that this thought should help every one of the members of this Congress to labour with all his strength in the spirit of seriousness, in the sight of Almighty God.

Yes, this is indeed an inspiring thought, "a light that shineth in a dark place," to sustain the faith of our Catholic workers and our Catholic people and to inflame their zeal when, in this age of growing secularism, they take their stand on the side of God, and fight with confidence because they are clad in the assurance that God is with them.

S. F. S.

Some Folk-Poems of Gaelic Ireland.

NO national literature is complete without a record of its folklore. Every country possesses a folk-literature of some kind—even the most primitive peoples have their most primitive poems. These compositions hold their own place in literary history, and tell a story that would otherwise have no record. The memory of old ideas, customs, traditions, are here preserved, and through them it is possible to reconstruct the past. But there is a greater value attached to folk-lore. In the tales, legends, songs of the people, the soul of the race is revealed, for, uninfluenced by alien standards and cosmopolitan points of view, they are the simple outpourings of mind and heart, straight from the soil itself. If we are to understand the character of a race, its mental atmosphere, its ideas—religious, national, domestic—we must turn to the pages of its folk-songs.

The Gaelic people seem, above every other, to have been possessed of a capacity to versify. Whether we take Wales, Scotland, Ireland, it is the same. In each of these countries are to be found numberless folk-poems. Something in the Gaelic nature cried ever for poetical expression, and all the sentiments of life—joy, sorrow, passion, love of nature, fun, frolic had to clothe themselves in rhyme. The mass of Irish folk-literature is immense, and has gathered through centuries. Even if we do not accept as authentic the verses attributed to Amergin, B.C. 2,000, and beginning:

I approach thee Erin,
Brilliant, brilliant sea,
Fertile, fertile hill—

it can be proved that Irish folk-poetry goes back without a break for eighteen hundred years. Verse-making was a profession from the early pagan days onwards. The bards were great men and earned an honourable living by their rhymes, and the people, whether at public gatherings or by their own firesides, listened with unflagging interest to the recital of

poems. Shanachi and Fili held the place of book and newspaper, for these men, with their wonderfully trained memories, possessed an unlimited store of old-time stories. Up to the seventeenth century the poet in Ireland received a special education, and bardic schools were open every year from Michaelmas until the 25th of March. With the destruction of the great Milesian and Norman families, the bardic schools passed away, but the poet still lingered. He ceased gradually to be the important person he used to be, for the Irish nobles who had been his patrons in the past were no longer there to welcome and encourage him, but he still sang for the people.

One of the last of the Irish popular poets was Raftery, who was born in 1784, and died about seventy years later. Dr. Douglas Hyde has collected a number of his poems, and has published them with an English translation. He came upon this task in a curious manner. The President of the Gaelic League once, on his way to Blackrock Station, was accosted by a beggar asking for money. He gave the man alms and passed on. Then an unexplainable impulse made him return to speak to the beggar. The conversation revealed that the stranger came from Connacht, was a Gaelic speaker, and knew one or two of Raftery's poems. Moreover, he was able to direct Dr. Hyde to a man who had in his possession a MS. containing many compositions of the dead poet. This chance meeting led to further discoveries, and from one person to another it was made possible to gather a large number of Gaelic folk-songs.

Raftery was blind. He lost his sight when nine years old as the result of an attack of small-pox. Deprived thus of the vision of the outside world, his inward vision became all the clearer, and his imagination and his memory developed as though he had been trained in the Schools of the Bards. When he grew up Raftery had to gain his livelihood, so he secured a fiddle and went up and down the country playing music and composing songs. He was in great request at all social entertainments, played at the cross-road dances, at weddings, at harvest-homes, and other gatherings. But his music was always secondary to his poetry. Among the older people of Craughwell and Gort, around where he spent the greater part of his life, are stories and traditions of the dead poet, and many of these have been noted down by Lady Gregory. It is supposed that in some mysterious way Raftery was given a

choice as to the "gift" he wished most to possess, "the music or the talk."

If it had been the music he had chosen, there would not have been a musician in the world as great as he. But he chose the talk and turned out a great poet. There was not a stim of sight in his head and that is why he had great knowledge. God gave it to him, and his songs went through the world. He had a voice like the wind.

Raftery was physically a very strong man, and there are tales of how he conquered his opponents in wrestling matches on several occasions. His loss of sight in no way hindered his movements. There was not a road, nor a *bohereen*, nor a turning, nor a gate, that he did not know, and he travelled alone and without difficulty through the whole country. Thus he is described by a man of his time, Calaman, also a poet :

His face was thin, sallow and worn, and blacker was his hair than the coal of Kilkenny, his eyes moving like two pools of water, swimming down by the sides of his cheeks.

Raftery was able to compose extempore. On one occasion he was playing at a gathering, and a stranger who was present asked, "Who is the musician?" The poet answered in these verses, translated literally by Douglas Hyde :

I am Raftery the poet,
Full of hope and love,
With eyes that have no life,
With gentleness that has no misery.

Going west on my pilgrimage,
Guided by the light of my heart,
Feeble and tired
To the end of my road.

Behold me now
And my face to the wall,
A-playing music
Unto empty pockets.

In those days in Ireland the population was scattered and the priests were few. Hence certain people in a district were authorized to baptize a child in danger of death. This privilege was given to Raftery, and the priest who initiated him into the ceremony used an old hat to represent the child. The poet composed this verse on that occasion :

In honour of God, and the priest, I mean
To baptise you ; your like, child, I've never seen,
And the name that I give you, is grey old *caubeen*.

Here is a poem Raftery made on the local weaver :

It is the staff that I praise and the loom and its ways,
And the reeds with the threads down flowing,
The wonderful gears and the good hand that steers,
And the loom with the runners going.
It's a wonderful tool, not worked by a fool,
God prosper the weaver so knowing,
The handkerchief fine, which he weaves, it shall shine
On the bosom of women glowing.

The subjects on which Raftery exercised his muse were varied. He wrote love-songs, religious verses, historical poems, and rhymes to celebrate local events, and in praise or dispraise of people whom he knew. It was said of him that "those he praised, he praised well," and he seems to have been equally efficient in his dispraise. The tradition still remained from the old bardic days of the power of an *aers* or "songs of dispraise" and Raftery's were supposed to bring misfortune. Therefore few people cared to incur his displeasure. Raftery composed one long historical poem, of which Douglas Hyde thus writes :

It is neither more nor less than a concise history of Ireland set down in the form of a conversation between himself and an old withered bush. I think it wonderful how a person without sight, steeped in extremest poverty, like Raftery, composed this long poem so cleverly, and it is hard to say where he got his knowledge of the history and ancient story of Erin. Because the account which he gives of the ancient families, and part of the ancient history was not to be found in any book, and no doubt it was in the mouths of the people that most of their history survived, coming down from person to person from the time when the Gaels had their own historians. . . . It is clever, the way he dressed up his story. . . . He first whets our hearing by the story about himself as a preface. . . . The poem is divided thus. Twenty-three quartains as a preface about the race and his bush and all he suffered himself. There are twenty-three of the old bush telling of Ireland, from the Tuatha da Danaan, till the coming of St. Patrick. There are twenty on the history of Ireland, from the coming of Patrick, till Diarmuid of Leinster brought the English, and there are twenty-four to the end, telling of Ireland under English rule.

This is a sample of Raftery's love-songs, and is the first verse of a poem called *Brigit Vesey*.

If you were to see the Star of Knowledge
And she coming in the mouth of the road,
You would say she was a jewel at a distance
That would lift mist and enchantment.

His religious poem, *Holy Thoughts*, has been translated into English verse by Dr. Hyde, so as to show something of the peculiarity of Gaelic rhyming. It begins :

Think of the Cross of Christ each *day*,
Think how He *lay* on that fell tree,
Think of the boon His passion *gave*,
Think of the *grave* that gapes for thee.

Think of the Son of God—His *state*
Put off, the *fate* of thieves to share—
By friends forsaken, betrayed *alone*,
His Mother *only* weeping there.

It seems to have been the fashion among the Gaelic poets from Christian times to write poems of Confession and Repentance. Raftery was no great sinner, but he wrote his Repentance, which in literal translation begins :

Oh, King Who art in Heaven and Who createst Adam and Who
payest regard to the sin of the apple, I cry to Thee again and aloud,
for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has
withered. Many a day am I going astray. I have fallen into sin more
than nine fathoms deep. But the graces are in the hand of the Lamb.

This is a charming little poem he must have written for some maiden.

Look not with pride at thy polished shoe,
Be not proud too of thy cloak so nice,
In humility walk thy road afoot,
And always salute the poor man twice.

The following account of Raftery's death was given to Lady Gregory by an old man, who as a boy was present.

He was ill about a fortnight. . . . There was a carpenter living down the road whom Raftery had insulted one time. He was a sort of a poet, and he broke Raftery's fiddle. It is well I remember when he was dying, the priest brought in the carpenter and he made them forgive each other and shake hands. And the carpenter said: "If there were to be a differ between two brothers they would forgive each other, and why should not we forgive." He was buried at Kileanan. On Christmas Eve he died, and he always said himself that if God had a hand in him, it was at Christmas he would die.

Another book of Irish folk-poems has been published by Douglas Hyde—*The Love Songs of Connacht*. A few among them were found in old manuscripts, but the greater number were taken down directly from the Gaelic-speaking peasants.

Their songs were repeated by one generation to another, and thus were preserved word for word in the memories of the people. Even the names of the composers, in most instances, are unknown. The singers were content for their songs to live while they themselves lay in obscurity. A sad note underlies much of this poetry, for it was the medium through which the Gael expressed his many sorrows. The poem, *The Brow of Nefin*, was got from an old woman in Roscommon, and it has been thus rendered by Dr. Hyde into English verse :

Did I stand on the bald top of Nefin,
And my hundred times loved one with me,
We should nestle together as safe in
Its shades as the birds on a tree.
From your lips such a music is shaken,
When you speak it awakens my pain,
And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
And I seek for my slumber in vain.

How well for the birds in all weather,
They rise up on high in the air,
And then sleep upon one bough together,
Without sorrow or trouble or care ;
But so it is not in this world
For myself and my thousand times fair,
For away far apart from each other,
Each day rises barren and bare.

Teig and Maure is a love-poem in the form of a dialogue, and the tradition of its origin is told. Teig O'Dornin, a great harpist of his day, sought hospitality in the house of O'Luneen. After supper a harp was placed in his hands, as was then customary, in case he should prove to be a musician. No one present knew the stranger, and when he played great wonder fell on them on account of the beauty of his music. The sister of O'Luneen was also a harpist, and challenged Teig O'Dornin to play the harp against herself. As he played, Teig improvised a verse, and O'Luneen's sister answered him with another.

Teig. Thy eyes are bright as stars of night,
Each one God's candle-bearer.

Maure. There is no star of all that are,
But thou by far art fairer.

Teig. The setting sun shows black and dun,
And cold beside thee, Mary.

Maure. There is no sun of all that run
To which I could compare thee.

Teig. The fairy host might make their boast
Of thy sweet features, Mary.

Maure. More fair they are than I, by far,
But thou more fair than fairy.

Teig. Top-knots of love all else above,
Lurk in thy tresses, Mary.

Maure. Thou hast a smile which must beguile,
So gay it is, so airy.

Teig. Thy bright eyes spin a net so thin,
Thou tak'st me in it, Mary.

Maure. A love-spot thou hast on thy brow,
Of charms it is not chary.

Teig. Thy slave I'll be, thou sees't in me
Thy thrall and lover, Mary.

Maure. No longer free, I yield to thee,
All shame-faced, all unwary.

One of the most famous of Irish love-songs is the *Coolen*, of which there are different versions in the different provinces. The Connacht version found by Dr. Hyde begins thus :

A hoary mist on a day of frost in a dark wood,
And love for thee in my heart in me thou bright, white and good,
Thy slender form, soft and warm, thy red lips apart,
Thou has found me, and has bound me, and put grief in my heart.

It was as accompaniments to these poems that so many of the beautiful Irish melodies, made known by Thomas Moore, were composed. The Gaelic singers knew numbers of them by heart, and sang them in the peculiar traditional manner that is almost impossible to reproduce in the modern musical score.

The third collection of Dr. Hyde's folk-lore is comprised in the two volumes of the *Religious Songs of Connacht*. Here are to be found long religious poems on such subjects as "The Final End," "Death and the Sinner." These productions, which treat of devotion and dogma, were very popular among the people. There are many short poems and hymns, and numberless prayers in verse.

A pious race is the Gaelic race [writes Douglas Hyde in his Preface to the *Religious Songs*]. The Irish Gael is pious by nature. He sees the hand of God in every place, in every time, and in everything. There is not an Irishman in a hundred in whom is the making of an unbeliever. The Spirit and the things of the Spirit affect him more powerfully than the body and the things of the body. In the things he does not see, he does not believe the less for not seeing them, and in the things he sees, he will see more than the man of another race. What is incredible for other people is credible for him.

It is natural, therefore, to expect that the Gaelic Irish, who instinctively aspired to the supernatural, should have composed

a great deal of purely religious poetry. Nearly every action of the day was associated with some prayer in the form of verse. There was a particular prayer to be said on seeing the sun in the morning, on hearing the ringing of the chapel bell, when going on a journey, when making bread, when covering the fire at night. The mere courtesy greeting of strangers on the road took the form of a prayer. Through penal times the religious Gaelic poems were a source of great comfort to the people, and helped to keep alive among them the old traditions. As was said by St. Patrick of the Seanchus More—the book of Brehon laws written in verse—"The poetry was the protecting cover that was round about it, and the thing that was beneath that cover was the law," so the Gaelic poetry served as a "protecting cover" to the Gaelic religious spirit.

This is a literal translation of part of a poem called *Great Mary*.

Mary is not like women,
Great Mary of good deeds,
Balsam is not like to myrrh,
To salt ale, wine is not like.

Gall is not like honey,
And brass is not like gold,
The lily is not like the thorn,
And to a smooth plain bog is not like.

The following verses were taken down from a beggar-man in County Galway :

I have no more a golden store—this sets the world a-scorning,
Yet I be happy every night, and merry every morning.
Each day my bread I ask of God, He sends me not away
So I shall always merry be, till I be laid in clay.

Upon the roads I say my prayer. My thanks to God I pour.
Good prayers I have upon my tongue to say at every door.
No fear have I the night to pass, exposed to winter's rigour,
For every house will welcome me, the merry, jovial beggar.

I ask no bed, no sheet, no quilt—a wisp of straw lay down,
And I shall sleep as sound and deep, as kings on beds of down.
I dream of Heaven the glorious home, where angels walk in white,
My guardian angel at my side will watch me through the night.

From the Aran Islanders the following rhyme was taken :

Though riders be thrown in black disgrace
Yet I mount for the race of life with pride,
May I keep to the task, may I fall not back,
And judge me, O Christ, as I ride my ride.

Some of the Gaelic religious poems bear a resemblance to the morality and miracle plays that were common in mediæval Europe.

A specimen of one of them is given in which is described a walk taken along the shore of Galilee by the Saviour and St. Peter. The former bids the latter throw some money into the lake. Peter crosses over to the water's edge, but as he looks at the coins he decides only to throw in the silver.

"We're often hungry, we're often cold,
And money is money—I'll keep the gold,
To spend on the Master—He needs the pelf
For He's very neglectful of Himself."
... And then before our Lord he stood
And looked as innocent as he could.

But he is questioned by his Master, and is obliged to admit that he has kept a few gold pieces.

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said the Lord,
"You should have obeyed me at my word :
For a greedy man you are I see,
And a greedy man you will ever be,
A covetous man you are of gain."

It was customary among the Gaelic speakers to recite the following little poem when they went down on their knees in a church :

I place myself at the edge of Thy grace,
On the floor of Thy House myself I place,
To the Catholic Temple I bow to pray,
And banish the sin of my heart away,
I lower my knee to my King this day.

I lower my knee unto God most high,
To the blessed Three of the Trinity.
From the arrows of pain may they bring me whole,
And the Blessed Trinity take my soul.

These collections of folk-lore which Dr. Douglas Hyde has saved from disappearance and made known to the world are only a part, and a small part of what even still exists in Ireland. Both in Ulster and in Munster there are the poems of the people, and in Leinster they used to be found as long as the Gaelic tongue was still spoken. A thread of music and of poetry ran through the lives of the Irish people in the old days.

Their pastimes, occupations, and daily life were mixed up with tunes and songs [writes Dr. Joyce]. The women sang at the spinning-

wheel, ploughmen whistled their melancholy plough-tunes to soothe the horses; girls sang their gentle milking-songs which the cows enjoyed and kept quiet under their influence; parents and nurses put their children to sleep with their charming lullabies, labourers beguiled their work with songs of various kinds, and at the last scene of all, friends of the dead gave vent to their sorrow in a heartrending *caven*, or lament.

The field of Gaelic folk-lore is a large one and as yet has been only partially tilled, for of the many traditions, songs, stories, proverbs, but comparatively few have been gathered into books. Yet they merit to be known and published, for they are the productions of a people who possessed a rare natural culture, a vivid imagination, and an unusual insight. The four volumes of Douglas Hyde's Connacht poetry makes the reader wish for more, and excites the hope that the existing treasures of Gaelic folk-literature will some day appear in print.

C. DEASE.

Woman at the Crossways.

If it be true that all ages are characterized by some great psychological or social movement, either making for human perfection or retarding it, the present age is far from being an exception to the rule, but rather may be said to go beyond others in the variety of its notable tendencies. Chief amongst these is the ever-spreading growth of democracy, and, as a particular aspect of the same tendency, we have the gradual emancipation of woman, generally known by the term Feminism.

In the last number of this Review we were told in general terms how this great secular movement was regarded by Christianity, that revelation of Christ which is embodied in and preserved by the Catholic Church. Judged by the principles of that Church there is a true and a false Feminism, the true making for the development of woman according to the revealed designs of her Creator, the false ignoring and running counter to those designs. It is the purpose of this paper to develop more at length the characteristics of true Feminism, in the advancement of which the Catholic woman is primarily concerned, for she, at all events, has no excuse for mistaken ideals or for slackness in her pursuit of the true.

It is not easy to judge of history in the making, but, as far as one can see, the emancipation of woman bids fair to be far-reaching in its consequences and to exercise enormous influence on the social and economic conditions of succeeding generations. Whether the influence will be for good or for evil depends on the woman of to-day, on her forethought and her largeness of mind, but most of all, as has been implied, on her grasp of Christian principles, her willingness to make some sacrifice in the present, in order to ensure that posterity may not suffer by the growth of tastes and habits inconsistent with the general welfare of the race.

"Emancipation of Woman" seems to be the most general definition that can be given of Feminism, but it needs, like most

general definitions, to be further qualified. The freedom it implies is a good thing if it means emancipation from all sorts of social tyrannies and the opening out of a larger intellectual life. Thus at once woman gains the development of much, once latent, mental power and new scope for its exercise, new possibilities of self-development, a new life. And this emancipation coincides, as cause and effect alike, with the industrial revolution and the consequent changes in economic conditions which made it possible, and later on in many cases necessary, for women to earn their own livelihood.

It must, then, be clearly understood that the word emancipation is used entirely in a social, educational, and economic sense. As regards their spiritual destiny, women and men are by nature equal. There is no sex in Heaven, and as far as sex on earth is concerned, women have equal chances of salvation with men. The exclusion of women from the Christian priesthood, as has been often pointed out, is based on extrinsic reasons and by no means on lack of capacity for spiritual development. So that, from the religious point of view, women have needed no emancipation, although the more advanced feminists may desire a return of the liberty accorded to woman in former centuries, when abbesses sat in the national assembly (or had a right to), and even in Church Councils, and when women saints ruled Orders or took prominent parts in ecclesiastical politics. These days have long since passed away with the feudal system and other conditions which made them possible. The liberty, in any case, was confined to a few, who held it in a representative capacity or on unique personal grounds.

But from a social, educational, and economic standpoint woman is certainly in process of finding her liberty, at any rate in western civilization. She has found it so far that she may go round the world alone, pass the highest examinations, and earn her own livelihood with as little question as any man. Naturally she rejoices in her new-found liberty, and as naturally clamours for more; so much is so pleasant that more must be more so. But all human goods have their natural limits; liberty, for instance, degenerates into license, and some women at least are discovering that unchecked freedom is not always sweet or safe, and would rather stay where they are and keep what they have got than go forward at the risk of losing, not only what they have, but other possessions of womanhood dearer far than liberty itself.

It does not follow because a movement is widespread that it is always good. It may involve a great many people and lead to momentous results, and yet be accompanied with hidden tendencies that do not make for morality. The reform of the Church "in head and members" was a noble idea, yet it was perverted to the "Reformation." So we cannot welcome the feminist movement simply because it is so general. We may grant that so far it has brought woman a wholesome liberty, it has made her life fuller and given her greater chances of happiness, it has enlarged the scope of her energies and brought her influence to bear on the social and economic problems of the time, often with the most satisfactory results. But, and here we must pause seriously to consider,—Will any further progress of the movement make woman, as a woman, better either individually or collectively? The former paper, already mentioned, confining itself to general considerations, did not fully answer this question.

Yet it is important that the question should be asked and answered fully and truly. The answer cannot be given in a categorical yes or no. There is so much to be weighed and measured, and even now, were the negative reply to threaten us, there is time for the wise and influential to decide the turn of the scales and to raise up an affirmative.

It is always advisable in entering upon any discussion, whether practical or academic, not only to define one's terms, but to keep to the definitions. In all this matter of Feminism we have found no one who sets out formally to define "woman." What is "woman?" The dictionary tells us that she is the "female of the human race, grown to adult years," which for our purpose is not very enlightening. But St. Paul in his Epistle to Timothy gives the clue to a correct definition when he says, "For Adam was first formed, then Eve."¹ Why was Eve formed? Clearly because Adam was not complete without her. If we say, then, that the woman is the complement to man, so that neither sex is complete without the other, shall we not have found the key which solves the problem agitating both men and women at the present day? At any rate let us see whether this key will unlock the casket which contains the answer to the query: Will Feminism, developing on its present lines, make woman better as a woman?

Given woman as a theme, how many poets have found their

¹ 1 Tim. ii. 13.

tongues unloosed to sing in fervent lyrics the glories and graces of the sex. None of the other beauties of nature, not even the flowers of the fields, have proved so inspiring a subject. For woman in the ideal combines and transcends all that is perfect on the merely natural plane—beauty of body, grace of virtue, delicacy of mind. Her capabilities are many and diverse; if she has not certain male qualities of mind and soul, she has others as peculiarly her own. And if structurally she is not built as man is, for strength and endurance of fatigue, many women are *de facto* stronger than many men,—and many beasts stronger than either. As for intellectual superiority, those who claim it for men on the grounds of the records of history, forget two things—first, that the mental training of women has always been handicapped by the actual or prospective functions of motherhood which nature has assigned her, and which have often been allowed to interfere unduly with the development of her mind, and secondly that many women, freed from these restrictions, have shown mental vigour quite of the highest class. But perhaps those that deny to the female brain any considerable power of initiative or invention are less easily answered, for undoubtedly woman owes a large amount of her intellectual success to her wonderful powers of imitation, her gift for the acquisition and retention of established facts. What a man has previously done a woman can do after him. But can she do what a man has not done? The records of history are so uniformly silent regarding woman pioneers in any branch of human achievement that it is hard to say that their ineffectiveness is wholly due to lack of opportunity. Want of education has not hindered men from becoming inventors and artists. But instances of women, even with every advantage, reaching the first rank as original discoverers in literature, or painting or music or science or the mechanical arts, are still to seek in human history. Not many men, of course, are pioneers in these matters, but we are safe in saying hardly any women. On the other hand, she can studiously collect all the knowledge available and retain the mass of details necessary to satisfy the modern examiner. Keeping to observed facts and eschewing conjectures, we gather that she can follow man to the dizziest heights of learning, but is incapable of scaling any peak for herself. We have had women classed equal to or above Senior Wranglers; yet as far as we know no woman has given her name to a single mathematical process or theory. "Male monopoly of education!" cry the

feminists; well, perhaps. Our remote descendants will be in a better position to decide.

But whatever be the truth concerning this one point, there seems no reason to suppose that the female brain is, in other respects, less capable than the male. Teach girls classics, science, mathematics, and they may readily outshine their public-school brothers,—no great degree of brilliancy perhaps is necessary for that. Open to them generally the higher studies of the Universities, and if the present ardour for knowledge that inspires a few, is any test of their powers of acquisition, they will acquit themselves no less well. But we may ask, why *should* woman with such hot and eager haste rush to secure these intellectual spoils? One can be educated without being learned, and if learning is to be sought for by many and purchased by the loss of the peculiarly feminine graces, it is a sad bargain both for the purchaser and for the race at large. We have no fear of this result as a permanent thing, for the instincts of sex are too deep-rooted to be eradicated. But we do fear disastrous experiments.

One thing, at any rate, is certain even now, that, however it is with one constituent, the mind, woman's whole character is different from man's, and this difference, for the happiness of both, should be preserved not destroyed. People have said that all women are alike and others with equal emphasis that all are unlike. The truth in both assertions is, of course, that they agree in differing. The keynote of a woman's character is her individuality, the keynote of a man's character is universality. Men have fixed mental habits on which one can readily calculate; they are found in all their fellow-men. Woman's point of view is personal to herself. Men, on the one hand, concentrate their attention on comparatively few subjects, but women, to fulfil their rôle properly, must have very many interests. However, we are concerned here only with emphasizing that, whilst neither head nor heart alone is a safe guide, the male being is lead more by head than heart, and the female *vice versa*. Hence women accuse men of want of sympathy, and man, the *animal rationale*, asks plaintively who knows what a woman is going to do next, or what, given certain circumstances, her conduct will be. The heart speaks first, and what the heart says, the mind may or may not endorse. If it does not, then when reason succeeds the first promptings of emotion, woman is in duty bound to alter her mind and so to bewilder the onlooker.

Hence *souvent femme varie*—and her unlooked-for variations prevent the harmony of life from wearying by its sameness. The head cannot do without the heart in the general body of humanity.

To turn now to a distinction which is external but which to our view is no less natural and permanent than that of intellect, it belongs to women, especially in these drab modern days, to represent the ornamental, artistic, gracious side of life. Great doors often swing on little hinges, and woman's innate and ineradicable love of dress and ornament has been and will always be efficacious in preventing her from usurping much of man's territory. To live as men do, would ultimately mean to dress as men dress, not necessarily to adopt the same form of garments—we all know the fate of the attempts which have been made in this direction—but to forego that love of the beautiful and bright and soft in clothing that is so natural to womankind. Time would be lacking in the first place for that minute attention to dress and toilet demanded by the result to be secured: and secondly, ornament is out of place in the dusty arena of business. Of course, abuse is possible and even prevalent in this matter, but, without advocating sumptuary laws on the one hand, or condoning reckless extravagance on the other, we think it far less unwomanly to be vain than to be militant, and a love of dress, even if excessive, is to be preferred to an exaggeration of mannishness. As things are, and especially since, under stress of modern conditions, man has completely abandoned the field to her, woman has a distinct duty to uphold the artistic against the utilitarian, and the ornamental against the purely practical. Taste for the beautiful, therefore, should be sedulously cultivated both as regards her own person and her surroundings. And this even though she may have pronounced inclinations in the other direction.

Continuing this line of argument, who has not at some point of his or her life, been called upon to decide which of a number of God-given talents should be developed in view of the success of the career chosen? *Non omnia possumus omnes*, even if we had the universal capacity. The budding lawyer might with practice become a first-class violinist, but he cannot afford the eight hours a day necessary to manipulate the strings. Or in a higher sphere, since zeal for souls is no exclusive attribute of the male sex, many women may feel the desire and possess the faculty of spreading God's kingdom by the word of preaching, but, as God

has provided no scope in the ministry of the Church for such, they must allow the talent to lie idle and turn the longing into other channels. Again, one can look at the matter from another point of view. Given a talent in a certain direction, it is not always necessary, in order to fulfil God's purpose, to use it in public or for public ends. There is as much need of varied talents to meet the every-day occurrences of life as to rule the country. Take now a woman who has a decidedly legal mind and also a genius for music. In her case, surely, it would be better to develop her gift for music than to study for the Bar. As daughter or as mother, musical skill adds greatly to her charm, whereas an intimate knowledge of the statute-books, although useful in many ways, does not help in the government of the household. Those talents, accordingly, should be attended to which are most useful in woman's normal sphere—the home—and it will be found that in the home there is little danger of any pronounced aptitude being left undeveloped. Domestic government calls for an all-round personality, and merits woman's whole attention. Indeed, if the small things of life were done with more intelligence, the big things would not so frequently go wrong.

So then the real question is not what woman can do but what she is intended by Divine Providence to do. She can ape the characteristics of man and aim at those occupations which have ever been regarded as naturally and suitably his. And thus she can make herself a sort of sexless creature, having lost her feminine graces without having acquired the qualities of the other sex. This is merely egalitarianism gone mad,—the ideal of the crude Socialist who thinks that the essential equality of all human beings should be made manifest in all relations of life, in spite of all natural differences of talent and condition. How completely the Parable of the Talents is ignored by these dreamers, that parable that speaks so clearly of human responsibility and divine authority. Feminists no less than Socialists need to ponder it, and to reflect that the important point is to develop what you have, not to crave for what you have not. Of course, the development of natural talents *may* raise their owner in the social scale, and such a desire is not blameworthy. But woman should remember that *sex also is a talent*, and that she will be called to account for her use of it. Her Judge will not ask her, "How nearly have you approached the ideal of man?" but, "How close have you come to the ideal of woman?"

It will be said that all this is very old-fashioned and unprogressive. And so it is. It is as old as Christianity or older, and it does not seek to advance beyond the ideal of that divine religion. Briefly summarized, our view is that, in the intellectual, moral, and social spheres woman can do most things as well as, and some things better than man. But as perfection does not consist in doing everything we can, but in doing those things marked out for us in the Divine Purpose, woman, being the complement to man, should seek to develop in herself those qualities which go to perfect her as woman and thus help to perfect man as man.

What, then, are these qualities? Three only need be named, as they can be made to include all that is necessary to attain the goal of womanhood. These are sympathy, unselfishness, and simplicity, three gracious qualities which are the roots of the flower of the sex,—true womanliness.

A woman without sympathy does not possess the most important factor in that subtle influence for good which, as all the world knows, every woman may have if she will. Sympathy comes from the heart and is rooted fast in love, the love of our fellow-men. It means an effort to put oneself in another's place and to do as one would be done by. It is a quality which makes the lives of others happier and fuller. Gifted with this womanly quality the daughter is a ray of sunshine amongst her brothers, the wife finds it easy to take an interest in her husband's pursuits rather than her own, or in addition to them. She cultivates sympathy of the intellect. Thus also the mother is enabled to ease her child's suffering by the merest touch or word; and woman in every relation to become the comforter of sorrow-stricken friends or to enhance the gladness of the joyful—an exercise of sympathy which is sometimes more difficult.

Thus, sympathy demands the practice of great self-control, and hence it is closely allied with unselfishness, the second great ingredient of true womanliness. Unselfishness in woman is regarded by some as very early-Victorian and out-of-date. "Why should women be more unselfish than men?" is often asked. "Why should husbands and brothers always be waited on and humoured?" "A woman's unselfishness encourages selfishness in man." Such are the remarks one frequently hears from those who do not realize woman's prerogative to lead the way in virtue. Not to make men selfish but to provoke them

to emulation in unselfishness, does woman put that virtue in the forefront. No honourable man becomes selfish because his wife considers his tastes and wants before her own. Does he not rather consider her wishes the more, so that there grows up a loving rivalry between the two as to which shall be the most unselfish, until at last self merges into self and the perfect end of their marriage-union is achieved? And if a man is bad or wholly self-centred, the exhibition of the same vice in those around him will not cure him but only make his disease the more inveterate; whereas the sight of unselfish conduct in others affords at least the possibility of a cure. Moreover, selfishness in a woman has direr consequences than in a man, as being more manifestly a lapse of duty. Most tragedies in married life, when at all traceable to the wife, are due not to great crimes on the part of the woman, but to her petty selfishness which leads her, rather than give up her love of amusement, dress, and admiration—little things in themselves,—to sacrifice home, husband, and children. And the woman who has not unselfishness as part of her womanhood loses a charm which dress and display cannot replace, for she is no longer womanly.

As a valuable aid, therefore, to unselfishness comes the third quality of simplicity, which is truth and sincerity in action, a hatred of pretence, exaggeration, and sham. For a simple woman is honest and candid and straightforward. Her "eye" is single, and consequently her whole body is lightsome. Simplicity shuns forwardness and cultivates modesty. It prefers to be rather than to seem to be. It cherishes domesticity, hates all ostentatious display, and taboos extremes in fashion. For all that it is neat and trim, for dowdiness is not simplicity any more than all outspokenness is truth. Here, then, we have sympathy, unselfishness, simplicity, and the sum-total is womanliness.

Now let us return to our query—Will Feminism make woman better as woman? Has Feminism, so far, tended to the better development of those qualities, sympathy, unselfishness, and simplicity, which embrace all the most beautiful characteristics of womanhood? Are women, in consequence of the emancipation movement, more lovable, fonder of their homes, more satisfied with their lot, imbued with domesticity, and ready, for higher ends, to face even drudgery? Or are they fretful, restless, emulous of their neighbour's riches, over-fond of dress, anxious for intellectual superiority and dissatisfied with

home-life? Is there not a decline of sympathetic power which makes them harsh, a love of ease and amusement which makes them selfish, and a want of simplicity which leads to double-dealing and pretentiousness?

With the sayings and doings of many leaders in the movement before our eyes, we cannot perhaps say without qualification that the movement has encouraged the womanly virtues, but may we not answer that, if some women have been led astray by a false idea of their true interests and real mission in life, there are others who deplore the fact and who try to retain, amidst much which is new, the old ideal? Among these we may assuredly number the vast majority of Catholic women. But it would seem that even these latter do not yet sufficiently realize the danger that exists of the whole of womankind being permeated by the false theories of ultra-Feminism, and the consequent necessity for them to become women of action in the vanguard of a right Feminism, such as we have endeavoured to sketch.

But they must realize it. The crossways have at last been reached, and some, forgetful of the significance of womanliness, have rushed helter-skelter down the wrong turning. A rally must be made. The trumpet-blast of Catholic principles will bring those really desirous of individual perfection and general social reform, back to the standard of a high ideal, a standard borne by the Mother of God with its ribbons held by women-saints. What a chance for Catholic women! What a need for fellowship, for joining of hands, for co-operation among those who will pioneer this return to a true Feminism! What an incentive to individual effort, to personal service and to the right understanding of each one's responsibility in the matter! But although co-operation be needed, it is a co-operation of intention, a bond of purpose rather than a definite organization. It is eminently a case where the individual counts, where none need wait for another, where every unit of womanhood is to work for a common object. Each woman in her own special sphere will strive to give an example of ideal womanliness, exercising all the influence in her power to recover those of her sex who have been blinded by the brightness of a false liberty, and also to prove to the opposite sex that she still stands on a pedestal of idealism and is worthy of their chivalrous reverence and regard.

And if Christian women do this, then and then only will that

other great movement—democracy—be guided forward on the right lines. For the women of the people will be permeated with the right notions of their sex, of their place in the world, their mission in life, and they will, unconsciously perhaps, so influence their men-folk that the democracy will not break off from the Christian ideal. Each woman, proud of her place in the divine scheme, submissive to a Divine Potter who has fashioned her as the weaker vessel, will pass on her contentedness to her husband and her sons, and will bring up her daughters to be as she is. Thus another threatening danger will be averted. Hence women have a double motive to bestir themselves; to help themselves and to help others—to forward a true Feminism and a true Democracy. Never before was there such need for women to grasp the situation, and with a firm presence of mind to work for progress without losing the inheritance of all those gracious qualities which one good woman has handed down to another ever since the world began. Did women only know their extraordinary power and influence when they are imbued with sympathy, unselfishness, and simplicity they would use these qualities as the chief means of ameliorating the sufferings of humanity, of working for social reform and of raising their sex out of the inhuman, and therefore un-Christian, conditions which ruin so many in body and in soul to an honourable, if frugal, competence, to a high standard of purity, to shorter hours of labour, and to circumstances of life in which healthy children may be born and reared.

Of course all these reforms and many others are to be helped forward by women; but not only by women sitting in public places and discussing infant mortality, a pure milk supply, and the Shop Hours' Act with Members of Parliament or County Councillors. These good things will come as much, and more, from the unselfish district nurse who, going from one house to another inculcates hygienic methods and much cleanliness, from the sympathetic lady visitor who is always ready with counsel and comfort, and who, wherever she goes, leaves behind her the fragrance of an overflowing charity, and from the mother in the home who with simplicity suckles her babe, requires obedience from her children, ministers to her husband, and is the centre of love round which the whole family circles.

It is not well to say that woman is as good as man. If comparisons must be made, it should be to show that woman is

better than man. She should be the link that unites man to higher things and holds him up above the sordid cares and business of this world. For if man supplies the material things whereby the body is replenished, woman should supply the spiritual food for the nourishment of souls. Setting her eyes on the Divine Beauty of a Heavenly Master, she will, if she be wise, eschew the false liberty which unsexes her and choose the better part of womanly virtues. Thus again she will complement man by being a means of sanctification to him.

It is no want of humility for a woman to glory in her sex. The boy is proud of his school, the man of his regiment, and the servant of his master's reputation. A woman who chafes at being a woman and would prefer to be a man, is more of a shame to womanhood than the woman, who from mistaken zeal, throws stones at Members of Parliament or who hits out at policemen. Woman is the better half of mankind, and every individual woman may see to it that she attains to the ideal of her sex. It is as well for her to recognize her limitations so that she may not fight against them in vain. After all, the limitations are merely of a secondary order. There are no limitations set to her virtues, to her powers of endurance, her capabilities for sacrifice, for love and for heroic sanctity. These are the better part.

If Catholic women see the danger of some of the tendencies of Feminism, and if each one immediately sets to work to try and become a perfect type of womanhood, she will be co-operating in a movement for the maintenance of the old Catholic ideal of woman. There is no society to join, no need of organization, simply a daily prayer for the recovery of womanliness, and the constant practice of the three womanly virtues, sympathy, unselfishness, and simplicity. Then Feminism will "proceed and prosper" until it becomes a power for good on earth and a means to Heaven.

CATHERINE HARDY.

Rheingau Recollections.

II.

A MORE prosperous and important-looking place than its neighbour, Kiederich (commonly pronounced as a dissyllable) lies contrastingly enclosed. It lacks the large landscape, the liberal prospect of the former—nor, it may be said in passing, were our quarters therein so desirable. The valley on whose tree-clad slope it partly stands is, however, a delightful one. The opposite rise is clothed with sunny vineyards, among which is the well-known *Gräfenberg*, once an appanage of the Cistercian abbey before mentioned; a broad water-meadow—a stretch of precious grass—lies between, at whose upper end stands the vine-scored Scharfenstein hill, crowned by an ancient round-tower and crumbling walls adjacent. This *Burg* was formerly a stronghold and resort of the Archbishop Electors, overlords under King and Emperor of this country. To their occasional presence here and to the more permanent residence of their representatives and other feudal families, was mainly due the relative importance of Kiederich in the Middle-ages, its wide repute as a place of pilgrimage being no doubt a contributing cause. Like other local communities it had at the same time its measure of self-government, still attested by an ancient *Rathhaus*. The place is full of fine old dwellings, dominated by the tall spire-crowned church, whose light and lofty apse overlooks the valley, neighboured by the beautiful mortuary-chapel of St. Michael, itself a notable structure. In the steeple hangs a noble peal of those ancient bells for which the Rheingau is renowned.

This remarkable church possesses no less a claim upon the ecclesiastical-musician than upon the archæologist, for its modern choral foundation—the fruit moreover of English piety—has probably not its like in Germany. Altogether, as a village fane combining with authentic mediævalism something of the best of its nineteenth-century revival in art and worship, the

church may fairly be considered unique. Illustrative and suggestive, therefore, as it is in these chosen fields, it will for its own sake repay notice in some detail. The survey will at the same time afford an insight into the life of a favoured Catholic parish, and may serve to recall conditions long since passed away from rural England. And first as to the fabric itself. Rich in design, with white and ruddy walls, lofty rather than large in dimensions, it is one of those galleried churches not uncommon in the Rhineland—that is to say, having structural aisles in double tiers, both of them in regular occupation. The interior reveals a wealth of goodly things, aglow with mellow colouring. Especially fine is the spacious and soaring chancel, viewed beyond a deep but open rood-screen having an altar both beneath and upon it, and a Rood with attendant figures surmounting all. There are in the church and its galleries some seven altars—not now all in use,—whose ancient endowments, still partly surviving, read in terms of vineyard and meadow. Successive centuries, but mainly the fifteenth, have built up the structure and its contents. Beside the early-Renaissance High Altar rises, even to the vaulting-spring, the slender pinnacle of the Gothic “Sacrament-house”—that wall tabernacle so characteristic of old German churches, and before this hangs the *ewiges Licht*, likewise endowed. Other altars are of the beautiful triptych form—fitted for feast and feria alike. The ancient choir-stalls are carved and canopied, while in nave and aisles are ranked the massive benches of the mediæval master, Erhart Falkener, rarely sculptured and inscribed, and part-decorated in colour. High at the west end, the organ—in origin of great antiquity—spreads wide its storied wings, disclosing the golden traceried of its crested turrets. The walls in parts are finely frescoed, while overhead the vaults sparkle with intricate ribbing and varied colour. Much of the work has indeed been refreshed and renewed, and occasionally supplemented, but the original scheme and inspiration have been preserved with unusual insight and success, while the building still bears about it time’s visible hall-mark of worn and irregular surfaces, ancient memorials, and primitive statuary. The sacristies themselves are full of antique fittings, and there lurks a touch of poetry at times in the very registers,—this for instance, of the year 1698, with its breath of peace and benediction—*Hodie sub crepusculum vespertinum terræ mandata est sepulchro majorum suorum nobilis devota (in pauperes in paucis pia) Domicella . . . ante Altare*

SS. Jois Bapt. et Evang. On the personal note struck by this record, we may fittingly pass to the subject-matter of the next paragraph.

This rare country church had been, some twenty years earlier in the century, in a state calling for prompt attention, when it attracted the notice of our own countryman, Sir John Sutton, presently known as the founder of the English Seminary at Bruges. To him was eventually due its renovation and further adornment; to him also the provision for its choral worship. His death, when scarcely more than in the prime of life, had occurred a few years previous to the period of this narrative. In this connection, then, and at this distance of time, it would seem not unfitting to devote a few words to the memory of one who in his own country remains one of the least known among the more noteworthy converts of the mid-century; a tribute due, it may be urged, in proportion as he himself ever shunned and eluded acknowledgment and notoriety in his life-time. An alumnus of Eton and Cambridge, where already Jesus College and its choir had experienced his zeal and generosity, very early left a widower, he brought to the service of the Church (and of all good works) a gifted and sensitive personality, together with an abundant share of worldly means. An artist in taste and temperament, he had a passion for Gothic architecture and mediæval art, which he tutored by travel and study. He was, besides, an accomplished musician, with a fondness especially for Church music of the older schools. Coming, then, some time after his reception in Belgium to Kiederich, already known to him, he found there conditions peculiarly suited to his tastes: the retirement and the natural charm that he loved, the Catholic atmosphere and tradition he sought upon the Continent, a mediæval church of exceptional interest, and even a mediæval organ, decayed with years, among its appointments. In such circumstances, lastly, he found a welcome opening for the exercise of his special gifts and of his peculiar generosity. These he employed without stint in the manner already indicated, supplementing besides in various ways the resources of the parish—for he did nothing by halves. The Choral School was founded and endowed in 1865-6 for twenty-five choristers, choir-master (a cleric) and organist. Its object was the regular performance of plain and polyphonic chant, the former being expressly of the old Mainz School. So thorough-going was the founder that he caused a special reprint of the Mainz choir-

books to be made for the purpose, and with personal keenness would occasionally take in hand the training of the singers himself. Some such institution as this, on a smaller scale, he also set up or revived in the Church of St. Giles at Bruges, as he likewise restored the ancient organ of the Minster at Freiburg. As his ideals and benefactions partook of the princely, so his own estimate of the latter was light, and apt to be humorously expressed: of the English Seminary in Bruges he would allow indeed that he established it for the good of his soul, but the works at Kiederich were done just to plague the devil! Many, too, were his minor charities, personal and religious, both in England and abroad. Between the Flemish city and the German village he chiefly divided his time, with a residence in each. An old dwelling in the latter became with alteration a desirable home, which his early death—due in a measure to his devotion to others and to his works—allowed him but too brief a time to enjoy.¹

Thus, then, it came about that the church of Kiederich, with all its appointments and offices, was a standing delight to appreciative minds. The influence of it indeed was literally in the air, for its beautiful bells, both in steeple and spirelet, announced and solemnized between dawn and dusk every function, great or small, marked the hours and business of the day, sacred and secular, and commemorated besides on Thursday and Friday afternoon the Passion and Death of our Saviour. On Sundays and festivals, and on the eves of the latter, the full peal of heavy bells would ring out with unordered energy, flooding the air with a volume of free and living and unmeasured sound—a tumultuous music magnificent to hear. Unknown in change-ringing England, this nevertheless bespeaks the true and ancient and exceedingly simple art of campanology. It needs no company of practised performers, and lends itself to no ambitious displays. Commonly a knot of village youths would do the duty here. At week-day Masses the great bell was generally rung at the Elevation by some youth—not necessarily a native, for bell-pulling is dear to the genus!—who had posted himself handy for so tempting an act of piety. But did such a one fail, some ancient crone, perhaps, would glance round solicitously, rise from her place and hobble off to the bell-rope. Then without,

¹ Certain features in the church still wanting at that date have since been supplied under direction unfortunately far less skilful. So, too, with the Stations of the Cross outside.

in village and vineyard, would the worker and wayfarer be seen to uncover and go bareheaded till the sound had ceased—even as men were bidden to do in mediæval England. Here, also, as in the smaller village, the scholars were brought to daily Mass, the choir-boys at one Mass, uncassocked, in the chancel, and the rest at another in the low rude benches that stood, in front of the stately pews, immediately before the *Muttergottes-altar* under the canopied rood-screen. Upon this stood a small but ancient Madonna—richly gilt, and with jewelled ornaments for feast-days. Here was said the daily “Lady-Mass:” hither after Compline in the shadowy church came a cluster of white-robed boy-choristers to sing their *Laudes* before the lighted altar; that is to say, a thrice-repeated *Ave* set to a lovely Gregorian melody, responded to from within the choir by the deep voices of the men, and accompanied by a like antiphony of bells from aloft; truly an Angelic Salutation. Upon this followed the *Asperges*. Immediately above this altar, on the gallery of the screen, and at the foot of the great crucifix, stood the “rood-altar” of ancient parlance, used on certain special days of the year. It must be owned that we in England, with our small shallow sanctuaries, and often but the one altar serving for all occasions, are apt to be prejudiced against rood-screens, not perceiving, no doubt, how naturally they lend themselves to devotional effect, and to that ritual dignity and varied significance which certainly belong to the traditions of Catholic worship. This prejudice even operates in practice to deprive us of that most appealing feature of church-equipment, the Rood itself. But the Rood, again, for its proper service of lighting and adornment, of veiling and unveiling at Passiontide, needs to stand upon a gallery; although a gallery, it is true, does not necessarily imply a screen.¹

While week-day worship was thus carried out in exemplary fashion, that of Sundays and festivals was proportionately impressive. It is often said that a High Mass is less devotional than a Low Mass. It is to be feared that under conditions commonly prevailing at home, this may very well be the case. But no one could feel it be so at Kiederich, where all the accessories reflect the expressive beauty of ancient precedent.

¹ On a recent visit to Holland, whose modern churches are surprisingly numerous, fine, and frequented, I was struck with the universality of the Rood, often forming the centre of a group of five figures and sometimes placed on a gallery independent of a screen.

The building has already been described ; imagination will people the body of it with worshippers, the chancel with clergy in ample vesture, scarlet-clad acolytes, and full-robed choristers—the great Graduals open-spread on desk and lectern ; and will picture the mystic Drama—heralded and, at Gospel and at Sacring, saluted by the throbbing bells—moving ceremoniously onward to the accompaniment of solemn chant and chastened organ-tones. And here perhaps a question may be asked and tentatively answered : is there, as Cardinal Newman has suggested, an incongruity between the severity of plain-song and the elaboration of Gothic architecture ? One would distinguish somewhat. The earlier Gothic is austere in its beauty even as Gregorian music is austere ; the later and more ornate is still its legitimate offspring, and compares with it, one imagines, somewhat as polyphony compares with plain-chant. In spirit Gothic and Gregorian are surely akin, in historic practice they were associated, and by revivalists have been constantly allied. On festivals the music of Palestrina and his school was heard both at Mass and Vespers. Then, too, Mass, and sometimes Vespers, was accompanied by Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, with blessing before and after ; and this was the festal form of the rite of Benediction here ; a “popular” one being sometimes given at the secondary but still central altar beneath the rood-screen. At the earlier Sunday Masses it was the people who sang in rough but not unpleasing fashion their German hymns. At such a Mass, a cup of Rhenish wine was passed along to communicants by an acolyte following the priest, the purely practical object of this custom being of course perfectly understood, and the cup, if preferred, declined. In this connection may be recalled the New Year custom of drinking the new (and sometimes unpalatable) wine out of the chalice, after Mass, by the congregation.

To return, however, for a while to the open—for places, like persons, demand their setting, and the surroundings have hardly received their due. Picturesque and desirable as was the situation of Kiederich itself, it lacked, as hinted, one irreplaceable charm—the command of the river. The road thither, moreover, flattish and devoid of vineyards, was sufficiently tame. Eltville, however, its objective, on the beaten track of regular travel, was ever a pleasant haunt. Its ruddy church-tower, frankly turning a *schau-seite* sunward, and a massive pile that marks the waterside Castle of the Archbishops—successor in favour to

the up-country Scharfenstein—are conspicuous objects here, where the gleaming river glides between almost level banks. The influence of the recent works at Kiederich, bringing artists and artificers of all kinds into the neighbourhood, was apparent in the fine church of the town, where various enrichments in a corresponding style had been provided at the cost of a local magnate.

Westward lay the open vineland of our first headquarters. Thither naturally we gravitated, the vision alone of that memorable river-view acting as a magnet. Once, forestalling the sunrise, a trio of us set out to attend the weekly *Amt* at our old village church, turning our backs on the more stately celebration of the same at home. Very fresh breathed the morning air over the league-long vineyards; very soft lay the muffling woods about the hills; and through the wide landscape, high-browed as we went, one village after another caught the climbing sun and kindled. Trustless guide however to time is the sun in those latitudes, for as we reached the place, the sound of the first Mass-peal proved conclusively that we had gained a quarter of an hour upon the lagging luminary! But how thin that chime, belying recollection, and how rude the little church, that was but simple—such is the power of custom and contrast over the perceptions. For a further set-back, the sung Mass was intermitted, for the *Pfarrer* was nowadays in indifferent health. But the worthy man, a typical country priest, was ever rejoiced to see us, welcoming us with Rhenish cheer and such genial converse as the old iniquity of Babel permitted, a sort of artless *Esperanto* when it came to juniors. One such visit he enlivened by bringing out his guitar, on which he had no small skill, and singing to its accompaniment songs of his old student days. At the farm, where our welcome would be no less hearty, conversation at least gained in purity what it lost in variety and extent.

Inland, as stated, and eastward, great woods shut us off from the outer world, ultimately represented by Schlangenbad and Schwalbach. The nearest neighbour-village that way was Rauenthal—a palatable name to the connoisseur in vintages. To oneself it rather recalls a picturesque surprise—a considerable hill-top village (for it is flagrantly mis-called) mostly screened by woods, and full of old-style buildings. Here, too, was a church peculiarly picturesque, where, *sub crepusculo vespertino*, the wayfarer through the woods might chance upon the recital of an evening Litany. Near to hand, yet higher

ground supplied one of those formal view-points so constantly contrived in Germany, from which one overlooked a wide tract of the Rheingau and the river, with the city of Mainz and its roseate Cathedral-group lying low on the further side. Here, too, blazed the *Sedansfeuer* on the first nights of September—here and on the Scharfenstein and every such point of vantage round about, while gunfire echoed among the hills, and from village to village the answering bells exulted. If across the water in certain years the latter had been dumb, it was because the Bishop of that shore was then, under the May-Laws, an enforced absentee—as indeed was our own diocesan at this time. But it was on a night of calm, with no beacon save the benignant moon, and no music but the minute tinkle of the grasshopper, that the surrounding scenes put on perhaps their rarest aspect. In that mysterious clarity and strange suspensive hush, river and hillside and village street might in good sooth have framed a background for some fairy folk-tale or half-mythic legend of an elder Rhineland ;—an impression with which the nightly sounding of the watchman's horn through the village ways struck no discordant note.

One must not quit the scene without briefly recording the Pilgrimage of St. Valentine (here commemorated in August) to whom, with St. Denis, the church is dedicated. That it was a considerable event may be gathered from the fact that the people assembled annually in some thousands not only from the Rheingau and its environs, but from as far down the river as Coblenz and even Cologne, while a number of neighbouring clergy were drafted in to shrive the penitents and assist in the Offices. A few years earlier, this outside aid had been forbidden by the civil authorities, and even yet the *Kulturkampf* found an echo in certain restrictions. The pilgrimage, centring in the Sunday, opened on the eve, and was conducted in the disciplined manner common to such occasions in Germany. The pilgrims came in repeating prayers and singing hymns by the way, each fresh band welcomed by a burst of bells. Proceeding to the church, they found the reliquary-bust of St. Valentine, garnished with greenery and first grapes, set in the midst on the altar beneath the screen, and this they made the centre of their devotions. But everywhere—in the upper chapel of St. Michael, and before the Passion-group below, and in front of the church-yard Calvary—the pilgrims would be found at their prayers, one of their number sometimes leading aloud in the picturesque and

serious vernacular. Then there were the new churchyard Stations of the Cross:—"Ach! sie waren sehr unbarmherzig," sighed the goodwife of the farm, coming over from our former abode to visit St. Valentine and ourselves, and viewing the series for the first time. Such was the simple piety of this peasantry. A remarkable Calvary was the one mentioned, of three great stone crosses and figures, flanked by yew-trees whose odd attenuated outlines were due to these same pilgrims. The latter would break off sprays as mementoes, and with these they proceeded to brush the face of the Saint in the church, after kissing the relic; or they would use their handkerchiefs in similar fashion, afterwards wiping them over their own features. Doubtless these yews, which never recover between-times their natural figures, were also turned to account on Palm Sunday. It should be stated that St. Valentine—"the beloved and holy heavenly-prince," as he is characteristically styled in a local mediæval document—is particularly invoked against the falling-sickness. There is an ancient confraternity bearing his name, into which, it would appear, every Kiedericher is born—a suggestion, however, seeming to invite theological adjustment. In connection with this cult there was issued in the eighteenth century a manual quaintly entitled *The little Kiederich Vineyard, in Twelve Branches*—an interesting local variant on the familiar "Garden" denomination as applied to prayer books.¹ Vespers and Compline signalized the evening's observances, and the scene in church and precincts at dark, lit only by the constellation of candles about each place of devotion, and by vague lantern-gleams from the candle-sellers' stands—was strikingly picturesque. On the morrow the bells rang out as early as four o'clock, to be followed by a succession of Masses. Immediately before the High Mass, an open-air sermon was preached with due ceremony from the beautiful canopied balcony of the churchyard chapel, a feature in itself bearing witness to the antiquity of this observance. At High Mass, ordered with all the pomp of festal Palestrina, the church was thronged to the altar-rails within the chancel, and happy he who could find refuge from the press in some privileged corner—sacristy, confessional, or Cantor's stall perchance. The afternoon witnessed a public procession of the relics and of the Blessed Sacrament, escorted by files of light-bearers and

¹ Such particulars I take from a publication by the late regretted Pfarrer Zaun.

acclaimed by the unwearying bells. After this the crowd would melt away; at dusk peace repossessed the village, and the dim church in its dispeopled churchyard drew to its grave and gracious evensong only the wonted gathering of its faithful parishioners.

But a week later the octave of the festival was kept with a revival, on a lesser scale, of the celebrations. Coinciding however with the *Kirmesse* or Dedication day, these had, as everywhere, their secular side. Mediæval England was also Merry England: even so here, on this occasion, the Offices of the day over—or indeed barely over—villagers and visitors flocked out to the fair; or they adjourned to the inn, where dancing, starting in the early afternoon, went on in sober Teuton earnest for twelve or fourteen solid hours! Certainly these folks, like our own forebears, “took their pleasures sadly”—*i.e.*, seriously. To this anniversary again were accorded the honours of an octave, both within the church and without—by which time the flags that had fluttered a full fortnight from the steeple hung in tatters. There was junketing again at an agricultural Show held once concurrently at Eltville, when the vintage of a month later was foreshadowed by a pageant-scene in which a vine-wreathed tun, attended by costumed and flower-decked juveniles, formed the central feature. A solemn reminder of mortality was however always associated with this *Kirmesse* time by the celebration on the Monday of a Requiem, following which priest and choir, people and scholars, went processionally to visit the cemetery outside the village, chanting by the way; while the duteous bells, faithful to the varied functions wont to be inscribed on them of old—*Funera plango, Sabbata plango*, etc., rolled out a resounding threnody. In such manner also, and with a train of lighted tapers, was performed one Sunday afternoon the burial of a simple villager, the wooden cross destined for the grave being borne in front by one of the school children. Of modern sentimentalism—of muffled peals and “Dead Marches”—Kiederich took no account. Bells and organ alike had first learnt their parts long ago,¹ somewhen in the fourteenth century, and the nineteenth had no lesson for them in such matters. On yet another Sunday of September took place before High Mass the blessing of the salt for the cattle. Upon leave-taking of

¹ I believe I am right in saying that in such church-organ building or renovation as Sir John Sutton controlled, such relatively modern expedients as the Swell were designedly excluded. The point implied is a nice one for church musicians.

the bells let us pen a passing note that from the dainty turret of St. Michael's chapel and, by curious coincidence, that of Schlangenbad beyond the woods, two small silver-tongued godchildren call across the seas to English godmothers.

The mention of children reminds one of the pretty thing it was to see the flaxen-haired youngsters run out of their doors to take the hand of the priest passing down the village street. Other such little traits and practices, named and un-named, might be recalled as illustrating the influence of religious feeling and tradition on the daily life and habits of this people. In the central space of the village, under the shadow of church and *Rath-haus*, now stands, incongruous in itself, a war-memorial ; a reminder, however, to the stranger, of another element, stern and patriotic, that comes home to every household and community of the German Fatherland. But the people's everyday business and belief, the seasonal round of work and of worship, were after all the chief factors in their existence ; and out of these, in the main, grew also, as in all sane and simple civilizations, the recreation and the poetry of their lives.

W. RANDOLPH.

What is Religion ?

AMID the confusion of conflicting creeds and the animosities and contradictions of a host of would-be teachers, the simple question must arise in many minds, *What is Religion?* A question indeed to which there is no nut-shell answer, yet one at the root of which we may find one common factor, one universal idea after which men have groped through long centuries. The word "religion" itself occurs but rarely in the Old and New Testaments, and nowhere in the sense of definition. But perhaps its probable derivation may help us, if we are allowed to take it in the sense of "something that binds." And with this idea before us, and since some belief in the existence of God underlies all men's yearning to find an answer to the question, may we not say that the common factor, the root idea may be defined as "the relationship between Creator and Creature?" Of course with those who doubt or deny the existence of a Supreme Being, discussion on this basis is fruitless. With those who admit it, the whole great universe unites in one grand testimony to its truth. The natural order around us throbs in response to it, in order, in beauty, in witness to design, in countless evidences of cause, and in silent harmony gives the negative to the possibility of chance. Birds, beasts, flowers, the lavish gifts of beauty that surround us, the eternal seasons, and underlying all the mystery of mere life, are the thousand strands that make the great cable that links us with the Unseen, what are they all but the testimony

For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God ?

"Bound to God," hence intensely "religions" are all such "creatures," and yet in one sense only, for they are creatures of necessity. On their part it is an involuntary service ; they obey and fulfil purpose because they must ; the law of their relationship admits of no possibility of disobedience. Instinct, an infallible guide within the circle of their natural necessities, does

not carry them beyond that boundary, when left to themselves, without human intervention. Between the highest form of instinct and the lowest exercise of reason, great teachers have allowed that there yawns an unbridged gulf, on the other side of which stands the rational creature. A creature marked as different because not the agent of necessity but of volition, a creature everywhere possessing in some degree another characteristic, in that he is endowed with a moral sense. Like the rest his "relationship" is inevitable, he did not choose to exist, he is put here unconsulted and cannot control the natural time of his departure. Reason carries him on to boundless regions unknown to instinct. The horse or the dog never have risen to any conception of a connection between instinctive appetites and an ethical code. Surely the terms of relationship between such a creature as man and his Creator must be vastly different. And the history of religions is the witness of his desire to know those terms, and of the necessity of a religion. His gropings and stirrings are like a voice crying out "I want Thee," wherever he is not sunk and brutalized by the materialism of his mere animalism. Dimly, perhaps, something speaks to him of right and wrong—we call it conscience. Vaguely, something lifts him beyond himself towards an unseen magnet—we call it prayer. This is the consciousness of his relationship. A moral idea of right and wrong apart from mere utility: a wave of gratitude going forth in joy, an appeal for help in sorrow and trouble, a sense of separation when voluntary wrong has been done; acts of the will all of them, however vague, however ignorant. But they betray the knowledge of his relationship, they imply a mysterious bond unknown to other creatures, and man's consciousness of this fact is the basis on which religions have been raised.

We may learn something further from the history of religions, namely, that man feels that the terms of his relationship cannot be invented by himself. The disclosure must come from without, and not be the result of a mere succession of experiences, nor a self-evolved theory of the unknowable or "views" about what is invisible. It is a history of man's search for a revelation. And thus his teachers have come forward, more or less, as claimants to be the channel of such knowledge, and as such have won his acceptance of their various creeds. In one form or another the human medium of such revelation has been recognized, which reached the tremendous claim of the Hebrew

prophet in the sublime assertion, "God spake." And the history of human Faith is that of the submission and obedience of man to this authority. He needs to be told, he cannot rely on opinions of his own, and just where his reason reaches its limits and leaves him in the dark, it is by submission to what he believes to be a revelation, in one form or another, that he is carried beyond and outside of himself; his Faith is submission to the authority which he accepts as Divine. Often enough he believes simply because he has inherited the teaching of some form or another of faith. It is the religion of his fathers and his race, and he troubles not as to its grounds and credentials.

Nowadays, however, man is becoming less and less satisfied with this passive acquiescence. And if he steps outside the boundary of a traditional creed, he finds himself face to face with a host of claimants to his obedience. He is born in a maze of conflicting opinions, he is a unit in a city of confusion. He looks back along the long vista of varied religions, he hears truths bandied about amidst countless sects; perhaps he feels hopeless before the fact that all cannot be equally true, and lapses into an apathy of indifference, and thinks that truth does not exist at all. He sees the history of religions strangely bound up with the history of humanity, influencing and moulding the various races, entering even into their political state and their social customs and habits. Does he find in the unbiassed survey of such history any living phenomenon that claims special attention or possesses any unique character? He cannot avoid seeing two dominant features in the past and present religious history of mankind which call for his attention owing to their prominence and peculiarity. These are the past and present history of the Jews and of the Papacy.

For the unique character and position of the venerable Hebrew race owes its distinctiveness to the fact that an otherwise unimportant nation has been historically and inextricably bound up with a special claim to have been the recipients of a Divine Revelation. Historically, because Jewish history is the history of a religion; inextricably because that nation is peculiarly associated with a Faith held by other nations outside their nationality. This people for ever gave to the world a religious literature which, if not the oldest, yet stands quite apart in the calm grandeur of its conception and claim. In sublimity of thought and purity of teaching it not only rises

immeasurably above all previous or contemporary religious conceptions in its teaching as to God's dealings with man, but is singularly free from the degrading and grotesque features which so often mar the ethics of other oriental Sacred Books. This literature has permeated and influenced the world in a degree unapproachable by other creeds. Again, while other great races have passed away and vanished in distant history, we still see this ancient race, scattered throughout the whole world, and mixing with all nations, yet strangely separate and unabsorbed. Their singular distinctness has never been merged; we do not muse over the dust of mummies of an extinct race; this race distinction is in our very midst. Why this historic preservation of an ancient and dispersed and persecuted nationality? The page of history here is still unclosed, there surely is much that will be written in the ages. Even if we cannot foresee the possibility of the curse, "His blood be on us and our children," being turned into a Christian prayer, no man can avoid questioning himself as to the meaning of this prominent feature in religious history.

Equally striking to the unbiassed student is the character of the historic Papacy, with its record of indestructible vitality for nearly two thousand years, amid the changes and passions and rise and fall of nations to the present hour. Its mere survival of its own history stands out as a supernormal fact in the world's record, a fact which cannot be omitted or passed over by the historian of nearly all races. Through storms that must have wrecked other empires, through conflicts which would have overwhelmed other kingdoms, persecutions and enemies without, heresies and scandals arising within, in exile, under spoliation, shorn (for a time) of temporal power, yet never before exercising so vast an empire over human hearts! Again, we have a fact of historic religion, that should make us pause and ask the reason why. The venerable non-heritable lineage is still represented in our midst as a silent witness, while for generations men have shouted and prophesied, "This is the end." To what do these two remarkable features in the world's religious history point?

The answer is the same in both cases. These facts are not merely the outcome of a successful philosophy, of an universal code of ethics, or a merely human evolution. They both have but one meaning, they both centre round one fact, and they are inseparable from one historic Personality—the fact and

personality of Jesus Christ. It is round this fact and personality, that this previous and subsequent testimony of history is centred. The historian must ask himself, should we have the Jewish literature and race in our midst if Christ had never existed? Would the Papacy ever have survived its own history, if the foundation of its claim had not been historical truth? On the one hand, we have the (involuntary) testimony of the Jewish race, on the other, the subsequent corroboration and preservation of this pre-eminent fact, and the answer to "What *is* Religion?" has now really come to be among men the answer to the question, "Who is Christ?" For in Christianity we are not merely face to face with the teachings of a prophet, we are not only dealing with a philosophy, we are overshadowed by a Person. We are not studying the ages of mythology, we are faced by the greatest historic claim in all the ages; we have to choose the acceptance or the rejection of the Incarnation. And in spite of the ruthlessness with which men seek to tear to pieces the historic records as to Christ, they yet stand before the world as annals which, if they were not religious, the world would accept at once as indisputable evidence for the history they relate. Yet it is remarkable that this Person never wrote a book Himself, nor is recorded to have directed others to do so, as the embodiment and medium of His teaching to the world. But that He came to teach the whole world the Truth, is admitted. What then was the method of His teaching? We are at once struck by the fact that it was direct and not prophetic. "I am the Truth," was a claim which alone was put forward by Him who "spoke with authority," and not as the scribes. Throughout the whole of the records this fact stands out supreme: the message is inseparably bound up with the personality of Christ: He came not so much to *make* a Revelation as to *be* one. Greatest of all claims, moreover, was in the purpose He assigned for His coming, not only to be the Truth, but the Forgiver of Sin, a claim which His angered enemies even recognized as solely Divine. And since He told men it was good for them not always to have His visible Presence under the veil of human flesh, He securely provided for the carrying on of His purpose, even to the end of this world. Knowing how soon even a Divine message needed guarding against the unstable interpretation of mere human opinion, He founded, not a school of teaching, not a mere code of ethical commandments, but a living organization which He called "*My*

Church." His method was that of a delegated authority, an authority that should unfold all the fulness of His teaching, even in matters of which He said: "Ye cannot bear them now." He gave men a commission as authoritative even as His own, in the words: "He that heareth you heareth Me." He went even further to provide for the certainty of the teaching, by the promise of a further Divine Assistance, to lead them into the whole truth for all time, to "take of His," and show it to the world, and to place that teaching on a foundation external to the chosen teachers, and that, not for their short lifetime, but for all time and for all the unborn generations of mankind. And even more, lest there should be any mistake in recognizing that Divine teaching organization, He stamped it with two characters, nay, He made those two characters the subject of His own most solemn prayer. Where is this Church? He knew men in generations to come would ask. He chose one from the many around Him and changed his name twice, conferring on him the name of "rock," on which rock He Himself would build. It is history that has shown the meaning of the Petrine stamp on His Church, that has differentiated it for all time since from mere human institutions. The other character with which He endowed it, for which He prayed just as He did for the Infallibility of the Petrine commission, and which that Church alone has shown ever since, was the sign of Unity in itself. Wide as the world, spread over nations so various and so different, that unity has been, and still is, the feature which the world cannot account for, but is obliged to recognize. It is a characteristic only to be explained by the fact that it is Divine, as His solemn prayer inferred, and as is recognized by the millions bound together in that grand harmony of Faith, as compared with those who are for ever tossed about in the currents of conflicting human opinions. The growth of the seed, the unfolding of the treasures in the deposit of the Truth, the battle between the Divine claim and the wills and passions of humanity, that is the religious history of the Petrine Church ever since. How often it seemed as if the "gates of Hell" would prevail, we know in history. How sure the promise has been, we see to-day. To that Church the world owes that jewel of all literature, which was collated, enshrined in inspired Canon, and handed down side by side with the unwritten teaching of Him Who was the "Light" of that world—the Gospel of the Divine Incarnation. Age after

age, and at no time more than at the present day, has the record been assailed because it is the narration of supernatural facts. Men have taken on themselves to "wrest" the sacred narrative, to pick and choose their puny heresies by private judgment on its meaning, and year by year make more manifest the natural results of the substitution of the written document for the Living Teacher. Disintegration and divisions are the inevitable result, hopeless confusion, and increasing doubt. Subtle and plausible argument seeks to "bowdlerize" the sacred narrative, to reject facts simply because not within everyday experience, to separate the historic Christ from the Christ of Faith. They deride the jealous guardianship of the sacred annals by the Church as old-fashioned, contrary to science, and out-of-date. From beginning to end of the superhuman life of the Incarnate Personality, the sects outside the Petrine Church are gradually levelling down the narrative, till it becomes little more than a pious novel written with a purpose. That the Divine Christ veiled Himself in flesh by a supreme exception to natural law, that He was tabernacled in Mary's unstained body, and by her given forth to mankind, as the wondrously delicate yet unmistakably plain history avers, men say is not necessary for Christianity. That He took back the Life He had voluntarily given for men, and moved and talked and ate and drank amongst those who could neither mistake His Death nor His Resurrection, and who pinned the validity of their teaching to their veracity as "witnesses" of such a fact, in so-called Christian pulpits is boldly denied. The Truth which was so hateful to those who thought they had silenced the Teacher for ever, and to which they could so easily have given the final crushing blow by the production of that Sacred Body which had been left in their hostile power, that truth men now are saying is unnecessary in Christianity, is a later accretion that has grown round one who is little more than a deified hero, and we need not accept it as historic fact. Year by year there rise the little edifices on the sand, and more and more clear becomes their approaching fate. Still in our midst there stands the ancient weather-beaten Petrine Rock, on which the Divine Builder works on in completion of the city that is at unity within itself.

Space forbids more than this outline of an attempt to show the testimony of historic religion in answer to the question as to whether man may find anywhere a guide as to the terms

of his relationship as creature to Creator. Thoughtful and reasonable men are more and more turning their eyes to the truth and meaning of this testimony. The advance of Catholicism within the last half-century is so remarkable that a generation ago it would have been called impossible. For three hundred years Catholicity in our country was once more that of the Catacombs. The success of a policy in religious matters that made Catholic Faith a matter of high treason punishable by death, had seemed so sure. In scarce and secret places, at peril of life, the few faithful ones kept the altar-lamp unquenched, like a tiny spark in the surrounding gloom of darkness that men called light. Here and there the true "continuity" was preserved, an object-lesson for those who try to prevent the approaching wreck of sand-built Churches by an unblushing distortion of historic facts. But the winter is over, the spring is the harbinger of a new summer, the tree is spreading its branches, and increasing numbers yearly take shelter there. What will not another half-century see, since the past has been so unlooked-for and so marvellous?

Though this attempt to throw light on our question is necessarily but a mere sketch, it may suggest thoughts that will fill in many a detail. If man is searching for the answer amid so many confusions, can he not find a clue in the history of religions, in the testimony of two unique and prominent factors in that history? Or must he for ever be searching in the dark, trying to condense conflicting opinions into some particle of truth, spending a life-time in speculations which lead him more often than not to the precipice of agnosticism, forgetting that if there is a reasonable Faith at all, it can only be found in submission to Divine Authority to differentiate itself from superstition? Is the religious education of the child nothing better than casting him headlong into a maelstrom of troubled waters? And what of the time when the creature comes to the final test of his relationship, and without his will being consulted, travels to the unseen country? To the dying Catholic, perhaps after many grievous falls, yet forgiven by that delegated authority which Christ so clearly gave to men, that only channel for forgiveness which He gave to the whole of the world when He commanded His representatives to forgive sin—to such the end is not "when I put out to sea," it is the approach to port. He knows the facts of faith during life are friends awaiting him there. He rests on the assurance that

when the gates of Purgatory close behind him, be the stripes many or few, be the uttermost farthing to be paid with suffering, yet there is gold that will come forth from the fires, there is sight that will in one flash one day reveal all the certainties of trusting Faith. In the hour of that passing, which he has seen so often in others and now must face himself, surely a man needs something beyond his poor self-evolved opinions on which to rest. On the threshold of the knowledge of the answer to the question, "What is Religion?" may it not be better for him to have assimilated the contents of a Penny Catechism than to have browsed on the so-called wisdom in all the miles of volumes on the shelves of the British Museum?

Gracechurch Papers.

II. COUNTING HANDKERCHIEFS.

OUR own removal to Gracechurch, in the summer of 1864, was due to the fame of a school kept there by the Rector, a Rev. John Knight, which had penetrated as far as the little Welsh town on the river Dee, where we had lived for the few years of my life preceding the above-mentioned date. Our widowed mother, with three boys to bring up, was very poor, and it was in the hope of being able to educate them well and cheaply that she made the move.

The journey to Gracechurch was my first experience of railway-travelling, and I liked it as I have liked every other journey by train I have made since. About a year before I had seen the first train arrive at Llandinas. My nurse, with whom I had had a difference of opinion, stated that it came to convey into ignominious exile little boys who were troublesome. Oblivious of this dismal menace I darted away from her along a walk newly laid with deep and sharp gravel, but returned to demand explanation of a youth extraordinarily pitted with small-pox. "Ah!" I was informed, "he ran away from his nurse when he were little and fell on the gravel, and the stones stuck in his face and made him like that."

When we arrived at Gracechurch we found that the man on whose account we had come had just died, and every arch and pillar in the great parish church was draped in black cloth. This sombre opulence gave me a rich idea of our new town which was justified in so far as almost everybody in it was better off than we were.

The late Rector's boarding-scholars had all gone back to their homes, but the school for "day-boys" survived under the former usher, an aquiline but apologetic sort of young man, who could not forget that his mother kept a grocery-shop in Church Street. There I laid out my few pennies in the purchase of triangular segments of a leathery compound locally esteemed

as Mrs. Jackson's raisin-cake. As the whole cake (which filled a kitchen-plate seamed with oven-cracks) might contain two dozen raisins, and cut up into fifteen slices at a penny each, it is probable that the schoolmaster's mother derived a profit. The schoolmaster himself never rose to be more than "Jacky Jackson" with his pupils, and was unable to persuade even himself that they obeyed him. My eldest brother at once went to the school, and later on I did so : but my stay was short, for in my second week I was ordered out for a caning because of my inability to give the Latin for "O Table," and my argument that the Romans would never have been foolish enough to converse with their furniture.

"Stand out!" quavered Jacky Jackson in a voice of tremulous authority.

"What for?" demanded his eight-year-old pupil.

"You'll see when you come," squeaked Jacky, fingering his cane and blushing, while the boys tittered.

And out I went—through the door which stood invitingly open, and gave prospects of leafy June more tempting than that of the nervously irate schoolmaster with his waving cane. I walked out and walked home; and my mother, who was obviously a weak person, never made me walk back again.

When we first came to Gracechurch we had lodgings in the Watergate, a cheap street of cottages and small shops, where, however, was one big house. It was a gaunt, blind-looking residence, built of dull brick, much the colour of raw beetroot. The sun never tried to shine on to it, and could not have shone into it if he had tried, for the three Miss Pughs would have dreaded his fading the carpets! One Miss Pugh came to call, and apologized for doing so on the ground that our mother was "an authoress, ma'am." That was the eldest and least parchmental of the sisters, who may, very likely, have been a pretty girl once. To me it did not then occur that people's ages were subject to vicissitude, or that elderly persons had not started with the plainness successfully achieved by fifty or sixty years of dull and meaningless life. When we returned the visit another Miss Pugh, Caroline, opened the uncompromising-looking hall-door, which was covered with fat pimples I longed to crack. Miss Caroline was perhaps the worse of some five-and-fifty summers, and her sister spoke of her as a girl. There was to be a coming-of-age ball at Wheatly Park, "the seat," as our hostess explained, "of Mr. Chichester Wymering," whereat I at

once pictured to myself a mansion oddly constructed to simulate a gargantuan armchair. The whole Pugh family was bidden, but only Caroline was to go. "Girls," said her sister, "like gaieties." To the ball Caroline went, in a gown resulting from excavations in the family store-closet, preternaturally garnished with artificial flowers made of worsted.

But Miss Pugh was not only aware that girls like gaieties: little boys of six, she remembered, like apples, and I was promptly provided with some. They were, like their giver, of a bilious complexion, but much better than their appearance.

"Put the others in your pocket," suggested Mr. Pugh, who had vaguely intervened in an overcoat—the day was sultry—and a worsted comforter, and been introduced as "Our brother, poor thing; a widower, ma'am."

I surveyed him with interest, for I had only heard of widows till then, and supposed him to be more, since the comparative degree was necessary to describe him. No doubt he had, in the local phrase, "buried two wives," and I could not but wonder what the two ladies had been like who had given him the opportunity. He was of a drab colour, and contrived to have no expression whatever, his face being like the front door, and as lumpy as it was.

"Put the others in your pocket, Master John," he repeated.

But I was incapable of so great a solecism in good manners.

"There are plenty more where those came from," Miss Pugh declared encouragingly, "there's a room-full upstairs."

I longed to see that room: I pictured it as large as the gaunt apartment where we were seated, crammed with apples to the ceiling, so that when the door should open they would roll out upon the landing.

"Come and see," said Miss Caroline, who had her own reasons for desiring a brief escape. When she had admitted us her gown was pinned up behind, and all this time she had been ineffectively trying to unpin it unobserved, without a break in the conversation.

I gladly accepted the invitation and followed her up a staircase lighted by a blue window, through which there was an unearthly blue view of the back of Miss Mildstone's house and of that lady's croquet-ground. Miss Caroline herself, being naturally of a lemonish colour, was now as green as a parrot: and a lurid twilight filled the whole place. The Pughs, I felt, were interesting people.

On the landing was a life-size figure of a South Sea islander in the Court dress of his country, whom Miss Caroline briefly introduced to my notice as "a Heathen."

"My papa's brother brought him home," she explained.

I wondered if he had arrived alive, and by what steps had been rendered fit for stuffing. But, being averse from asking questions, I did not learn that he was made of wood till long afterwards. We went along a passage at the end of which was the apple-room.

"There!" cried Miss Caroline, unlocking the door.

It was an anti-climax. For nothing rolled out except a sourish smell, and the room was not much more than a closet, on the floor of which a thin layer of apples was spread on hay of the same colour as Miss Caroline's hair—it would not have been hard to believe she had strewn the place with her own locks, which would have accounted for the scantiness of those she retained for personal use. The flatness of the apple-room episode made the stuffed Indian only the more exciting. Even the widower, poor thing, downstairs, was interesting when regarded as the nephew of a pirate addicted to cannibalism. At Llandinas there had been no neighbours of piratical descent.

As we crossed the landing on our way downstairs I was struck by the number of doors that opened from it—not that they looked as if they ever *were* opened. Just as I decided that they never were, one was noiselessly, even stealthily drawn ajar from within and a lean face peered out. The afternoon sun blazing through the window on the stairs made it quite sky-blue.

The face belonged to some one considerably older than Miss Caroline, and was, I had little doubt, that of the pirate's widow.

The door closed again promptly and we went downstairs.

We found Mr. Pugh as we had left him, plaiting the fringe of his worsted comforter and listening to his sister and my mother.

"And what, if not too inquisitive, might be the name of the novel you have written, ma'am?" Miss Pugh was inquiring.

She held the mouthpiece of my mother's speaking-trumpet as though it had been a goblet, and quaffed, as it were, gulps from it every time she spoke.

"*Araki the Daimio*," replied my mother.

"A foreign title," explained Miss Pugh to the widower, with quite the air of a linguist.

"Japanese," said my mother.

"Would it be *in* Japanese?" asked Miss Pugh, with a pull at the goblet that left her almost hissing with breathlessness.

I think that both Miss Pughs were disappointed to find the novel was in the vulgar tongue. Mr. Pugh's face could express disappointment as little as it could express anything else; but he sucked the plait he had made in the fringe of his comforter and changed his legs, carefully pulling up his trousers to prevent creases at the knees.

I was wondering if the big, grim room, brown and utterly uninhabitable, were drawing-room or dining-room. There was a huge dinner-table, without any cloth, and a large sideboard: there were twelve massive chairs and two hard armchairs, of a bony build suggestive of a dining-room. But there were wax-flowers under a glass shade between the lace window-curtains, and there were pale-pink "lustres" on the chimney-piece which would have jingled delightfully if a little boy might have shaken them. There was a large framed picture, wrought in worsted-work, representing Jonas, reclining on the sea-shore in an attitude of surprise, while the whale, evidently fatigued by his recent efforts to restore the prophet to society, was resting on a neighbouring sand-bank and regarding his late guest with one suspicious eye. Over the sideboard was a row of silhouettes so glaringly like the Pugh family as to establish the fact of their having profiles.

When we got home our landlady came in to congratulate us upon the acquaintance. Mr. Pugh, she averred, was an independent gentleman, and the Miss Pughs were independent ladies: as there was a hard-featured Independent chapel nearly opposite, I instantly concluded that Mrs. Hornskull alluded to their religious proclivities. In reality she implied that they "had no call" to work for their living.

"What *do* they do?" enquired my mother.

"Well, I suppose Miss Pugh does the cookin' of mornin's, and walks out along with Mr. Pugh of afternoons; and Miss Caroline does the house and that: for, though independent, they keep no girl. Miss Jemima counts her 'ankerchers."

I pictured many thousands of handkerchiefs, bales of them, in fact; with Miss Jemima perpetually engaged in trying to make the sum-total the same after each counting, and perpetually failing.

"Counts her handkerchiefs?" exclaimed my mother.

Mrs. Hornskull nodded impressively, and removed the mouth-piece of the speaking-trumpet to cough behind it rhetorically.

"Yes 'm. She counts her 'ankerchers. Week in, week out. She don't come downstairs: leastways never to visitors. Some say never at all. Nor she don't let her sisters into her room, let alone the Captain." (The pirate clearly survived! I listened with deeper interest. Doubtless the handkerchiefs were spoils of his nefarious traffic, and the noses to which they should legally have been applied were far beneath the wave).

"Is Mr. Pugh a captain?" asked my mother.

"He were, ma'am. In the Cavalry." (At Gracechurch "the Cavalry" meant the North Rentshire Yeomanry). "In his younger days 'fore he took his lady, Miss Wagfin as was, as saw him first on the *Red Lion* fly-horse in his blue uniform. He was reckoned a fine young man."

I remembered his care to avoid creases in his dingy brown trousers, and felt sure he had not forgotten it.

"Some say the Captain never sees Miss Jemima," Mrs. Hornskull continued. "Her meals is left by her door on a tray, and she takes them in unbeknownst like. She had a disappointment, that's for why she counts her 'ankerchers."

In looking back at the vista of half a dozen years I too was conscious of having had disappointments. Would it have relieved them to tell over my handkerchiefs?—but, without counting, I knew there were eleven, for I had given one to a traveller of engaging manners in exchange for a balloon, on which my nurse sat down and sustained a "turn," under the temporary impression that it was the cat, and the explosion an expression of pussy's annoyance. There could be no distraction from grief in counting when you knew the total beforehand.

Miss Jemima Pugh, it appeared, had once been young, and, Mrs. Hornskull declared, "pretty too, when dressed." She went to Graceminster on a visit and saw Sir Watkin Wynn there, and also the performing seals. (My mother had a number on letters, and it was my instant resolve to see if they would perform). What was more to the point a young man saw her; and he travelled (said our landlady) in umbrellas. By this singular mode of progression, which in vain I endeavoured to imitate on the morrow, perhaps because I had but one, whereas he must have had a quantity, Mr. Gringer had arrived at Graceminster: and, being struck by Miss Jemima's 'air (to this day I have never been able to decide whether it was her locks

or her mien that impressed him), he sought and obtained an introduction at a flower-show. They met again and yet again, and finally Miss Jemima consented to change the name of Pugh for that of Gringer. She came home to Watergate House in all the triumph of betrothal, and set about getting together her wedding clothes, or Crusoe, as Mrs. Hornskull put it. This word set me on scruples, for it suggested the possibility of the piratical uncle's having been merely engaged in the same line of life as the celebrated Robinson.

The wedding-gown came home (as though it had been away on a visit), the wedding-veil came home, the linen had all been bought, and only the handkerchiefs—put out to mark “with her noo aneeshals,” said Mrs. Hornskull, “‘J. G.’: so flowered you’d scarce know what letters they stood for”—were still awaited breathlessly, when, on the day but one before that which was to make Mr. Gringer the happiest of men, as so many have been made before him, a seedy female knocked at the door of Watergate House. Jemima heard the knock and ran to the door herself.

“‘It’s Jane Braid with the ‘ankerchers,’ she called out to Miss Pugh over the banisters. ‘Don’t you mind leaving the cookin’;’ for Miss Pugh was up to her eyes in jellies and that; and the charwoman (as told me and heard it all) was scaldin’ out a saucepan and not able to run to the door. So Miss Jemima, all in papers, for her ‘air never curled naturally, went to the door, and there sure enough was Jane Braid with the ‘ankerchers, just come up, and short o’ breath to show she’d not delayed any: and Miss Jemima held out her hand for the parcel, all the quicker because there was another woman on the doorstep, a stranger in a shabby shawl.

“‘Are you Miss Pugh?’ arst the woman in a sulky, whiny voice, that was uppish too.

“‘I’m Miss Jemima Pugh,’ said Miss Jemima, all in a tremble and no more knowin’ why than a savage. It was half-temper, too, for she was cross at being caught in papers by a stranger, and the woman spoke fierce-like.

“‘And which Miss Pugh’s going to get married?’ arst the stranger.

“‘Well, it’s me, since you want to know,’ said Miss Jemima, speakin’ all the more sharp because she knew she was upset. ‘Not that I see what it matters to you,’ she ended with a toss and a gulp like.

"'Let me step in,' said the woman, 'and I'll show whether it matters to me or no. Or I'll tell you here on the step if you'd rather.'

"'Don't let her in,' said Jane Braid, 'if she's aught to say, let her say it out, miss.'

"'Step in,' said Miss Jemima, not to Jane Braid; and she held the door open enough for the woman to walk in, then shut it after her close and tight.

"They went into the big room on the left as you go in—it was the parlour then, but none of 'em ever sits in it since.

"'My name's Eliza Gringer,' said the woman.

"'A poor relation of Mr. Samuel Gringer, perhaps,' said Miss Jemima, hard enough, but tremblin' still.

"'Poor I am,' said the woman, 'as my rags of clothes tell you. And near enough relation to Mr. Samuel Gringer as you call him. I'm his wife, miss!'

"It turned out true, too. The woman *was* his wife, tho' a drunkard and a vilent temper. And he'd given a lawyer two guineas for a paper that was to be a divorce, like. But the paper wasn't worth two shillings, and they were man and wife still; only he thought he'd give her the slip, and heard nought of her for four year' and better. . . . Miss Jemima, she skrieked out, and ran upstairs clutching the parcel of 'ankerchers, best lawn and four dozen on 'em; some say ten dozen. She tore open the packet and set to, countin' of 'em: skrikin' and laughin' all the while. And she's gone on countin' them ever since—and that's five an twenty year', for it was the year I married 'Ornskull, and I've had seven and buried four on 'em. What eyes that child have, ma'am, I doubt it's not 'elthy to have 'em so big and starey like. Well I stepped in to see if you was ready for tea, ma'am; and it's well as you should know the Miss Pughs are independent; though they keep no girl along of Miss Jemima."

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

The History of the Name "Roman Catholic."

A LETTER recently addressed to the *Tablet*¹ by Mr. James Britten, the energetic Honorary Secretary of the Catholic Truth Society, very fittingly and effectively calls attention to a curious example of Anglican *intransigence* sanctioned, one is surprised to see, by the acting editor of the *Morning Post*. According to Mr. Britten's account—I have not been able to examine the offending article itself—the report of the Newcastle Catholic Congress in the journal mentioned qualifies the name Catholic wherever it occurs by the addition of the prefix Roman, with the result that not only does the *Morning Post* adopt this name itself as the proper title for all who recognize Papal authority in England, but it represents the members of the Congress as using the term Roman Catholic to designate their own co-religionists. Thus, for example, the article cites and places in inverted commas a resolution proposed by a Catholic Bishop in which "Roman Catholic Secondary Schools" are twice referred to. There can be no need to insist upon the extravagance of this. As Mr. Britten well points out, a Catholic might just as well designate the S.P.C.K. as the "Society for promoting Protestant Christian Knowledge," and it would hardly be more absurd if he quoted the *Guardian* as speaking throughout a long obituary notice of "the late Protestant Bishop of Salisbury."

When the *Saturday Review*, a little more than a couple of years ago, opened its columns to a long correspondence upon the name which ought to be given to members of the Church of Rome in this country, the debate turned almost entirely upon the modern aspects of the question. Although the point at issue involved a large number of historical considerations, no one ventured to approach the matter from this point of view. It has occurred to me that it may perhaps help to clear the ground for future discussion if an attempt be made to trace as impartially as possible the history of the disputed term.

¹ August 19, 1911.

There was, perhaps, some excuse for this neglect in December, 1908, when this controversy began in the *Saturday Review*, for the section of the *New Oxford Dictionary* which contains the letters Rom had not yet been issued. Since then the letter R has been completed, but the account of the word *Roman Catholic*, as we shall see, cannot be regarded as entirely satisfactory. All this, it may be hoped, will be considered a sufficient justification for the present slight essay, the author of which will be very grateful for any quotations or criticisms which may help to clear up the early developments of a name whose origin is still wrapped in some obscurity. Let us begin with the version of the story which, on account of the deservedly high authority of the *Oxford Dictionary*, must at present be regarded as the accepted view. Under the heading *Roman Catholic*, whether treated as substantive or adjective, Dr. Craigie, the editor of this section of the *Dictionary*, speaks as follows:

The use of this composite term in place of the simple *Roman*, *Romanist*, or *Romish*, which had acquired an invidious sense, appears to have arisen in the early years of the seventeenth century. For conciliatory reasons it was employed in the negotiations connected with the Spanish Match (1618—1624), and appears in formal documents relating to this, printed by Rushworth (1659), I. 85—89. After that date, it was generally adopted as a non-controversial term, and has long been the recognized legal and official designation, though in ordinary use *Catholic* alone is very frequently employed.¹

Dr. Craigie himself supplies a certain amount of evidence, which it is a little difficult to reconcile with this analysis. The following are the principal early quotations furnished by the *Dictionary* under the respective heads of substantive and adjective.

SUBSTANTIVE.—1605, Sandys, *Europae Speculum*, K, 3, 6. "Some Roman-Catholiques will not say grace . . . when a Protestant is present." 1615, Day, *Festivals*, 159. "Nor meant is Roman Catholiques, but good true Catholiques indeed." 1655, Fuller, *Church Hist.* ii. 146, "There was a stiffe Roman Catholick (as they delight to term themselves), otherwise a man well-accomplished."

ADJECTIVE.—1614, Gentleman, *England's Way to Wealth*, "All these Romaine Catholicke and Papisticall countries." 1623, in Rushworth, *Histor. Coll.* (1659) I. 86. "That as well the most gracious Infanta as all her Servants and Family shall have free use and publick Exercise of the Roman Catholick Religion."

¹ *Oxford English Dictionary*, viii. 766.

Now the first thing we have to call attention to is the fact that the use of the composite term, *Roman Catholic* is certainly older by more than twenty years than these quotations would suggest. Without for one moment venturing to suppose that one has been able to get back to the earliest instances discoverable, there can be no doubt that even in 1582, controversialists were already using the name Roman Catholic with considerable freedom. The starting-point would seem to be found in the unwillingness of the average English Protestant to abandon the term Catholic to the adherents of the older faith. In Germany, Luther had omitted the word Catholic from the Creed, but this was by no means the case in England. The majority of the Reformers, including even a number of those whose sympathies were in general decidedly on the side of the Puritans, not only were unwilling to concede any monopoly of the name Catholic to their opponents, but loudly asserted that the partisans of Rome were no true Catholics and that the reformed religion alone could justly claim the title. A good example of this may be found in the examinations of Archdeacon Philpot, who was burned at the stake in Mary's reign, A.D. 1555. Though Philpot represented a type of opinion which we should now class as extremely evangelical, he nevertheless replied to one of his questioners in the following terms:

Philpot. "I am, master doctor, of the unfeigned Catholic Church and will live and die therein; and if you can prove your Church to be the true Catholic Church, I will be one of the same."¹

Elsewhere in his works Philpot writes, complaining of the pretensions of the "popish" party:

This was the property of the Arians that they would call themselves only Catholick people; but all other which right earnestly resisted their errors, they gave them names after the doctors which they followed. . . . What now other than this do our papists, and always have done, whiles they name some Wicliffites, some Hussites, some Lutherians, etc., but they vouchsafe themselves alone to have the name of Catholicks and right true believers?²

The tone of John Foxe the martyrologist is precisely similar. In a passage near the beginning of the *Acts and Monuments*, he draws a satirical portrait of those who were "Catholics, after the Pope's making," implying that there are two sorts of

¹ Philpot, *Works*, Parker Society, p. 132.

² *Ibid.* p. 424.

Catholics, those of the true religion and those "after the Pope's Catholic religion."

After the Pope's Catholicke religion [he writes] a true Christian man is thus defined. First to be baptized in the Latin tongue where the godfathers profess they know not what, &c., &c. This is a devout man and a perfect Christian Catholike.

It would be natural enough that in this sort of atmosphere in which it was assumed that there might be different kinds of Catholics, men should readily pass from speaking of "the Pope's Catholics" and of "Christian Catholics" to Popish Catholics or Romish Catholics; and this is what we in fact do find. Perhaps the most illuminating evidence that I have come across is to be found in a controversial tractate of slightly later date compiled by one Robert Crowley, a writer of Puritan sympathies, whose literary distinction was sufficient to have won for some of his tracts a place among the reprints of the Early English Text Society. The mere title of Crowley's book will serve to indicate its general drift and its bearing upon the question now before us. For this reason I copy it entire.

A Deliberat Answer made to a rash offer which a popish Antichristian Catholique made to a learned protestant (as he saith) and caused to be published in printe Anno Do. 1575. Wherein the Protestant hath plainly and substantially proved that the papists that doo nowe call themselves Catholiques are in deed Antichristian schismatiks and that the religious protestants are indeed the right Catholiques:

Written by Robert Crowley in the yeere 1587, London, 1588.

Although this book was not printed until 1588, it will be noted that the argument to which it served as an answer was given to the world in 1575. The whole order of ideas therefore belongs to that date or earlier. Neither can one feel sure when Crowley speaks of the Catholic book he is answering as having only lately been brought to his notice, that he is not allowing himself a certain controversial license of statement. In any case the fact remains that in 1588, or earlier, the necessity of qualifying the name Catholic when applied to Papists was a matter freely discussed by their opponents.

Perhaps the most striking feature of Crowley's book is the antithesis he sets up between "Popish Catholics" or "Romish Catholics," and those whom he does not hesitate to designate repeatedly as "Protestant Catholics," meaning thereby all

earnest followers of the reformed religion. Speaking of the Emperor Constantine, he says: "We hold that he was a Protestant Catholic."¹ So again he tells his readers: "We Protestant Catholiques do esteeme of these men [Luther, Zwinglius, &c.] none otherwise than as of faithful labourers in the Lord's harvest."² Similarly he remarks: "We Protestant Catholiques are not departed from the true Catholique Church," and he refers more than once to "our Protestant Catholique Church."³ It is not surprising, therefore, that by way of contrast we find constant mention of "Popish Catholiques" or "Romish Catholiques," of the "Romish Catholique Church," and sometimes, though less frequently, of the "Romane Catholique Church."⁴ We see even the beginnings of a tendency to treat the combination "Popish Catholique" as one idea in which the elements have lost their separate signification, as for example when we read: "This voice shall be terrible to your Popish Catholique mother and to all you her children."⁵ As a more sustained passage I may quote the following:

Who were the founders of Christ's College, St. John's and Trinitie College in Oxford, of Emanuell and Marimagdalen and Caius College in Cambridge, did they not beare the name of protestant Catholikes that founded them? Many grammar schooles also might be named and divers other provisions that protestant Catholikes have made both for the maintenance and increase of learning and also for the succouring of the poore and needy.⁶

Finally we may turn to an extract which illustrates the contrast between the two different species of Catholics as the writer conceives them, and which introduces the form with which we are specially concerned.

Let any romish Catholique living, reply directly and plainly . . . to the answers that I have made . . . and then will I, for companie and good fellowship, leave the true catholique church of Christ, wherein is the plaine way of salvation beaten by all our forefathers, the true Catholique protestants for the space of these 5,530 and odd yeres, even from the time of the first man, and now wander with the romane Catholiques, in their uncertaine by-pathes of Popish devices, through unknowne deserts of popish opinion, through rough woods, brambles,

¹ Crowley, *A Deliberat Answer*, fol. 42 v^o. This book, like many others of the same period, is not paged; only the leaves are numbered.

² *Ibid.* fol. 80 v^o. ³ *Ibid.* ff. 35 v^o. and 74 r^o.

⁴ *Ibid.* ff. 17 r^o, 19 r^o, 30 v^o, 31 r^o, 33 v^o, 86 v^o, etc.

⁵ *Ibid.* fol. 31 v^o.

⁶ *Ibid.* fol. 43 r^o.

and briers of popish religions, to seeke in the ende we can not tell what.¹

Apparently, the only reason why the writer adopts in this last case the form "romane Catholics," is to avoid the assonance between the words Romish and Popish. "Romane Catholiques" and "Romish Catholiques," were to him one and the same.

But the combination *Roman Catholic* was certainly older than this. The earliest examples that I am at present able to quote, are to be found in the book of another Protestant controversialist of Puritan sympathies named Percival Wiburn. In the year 1580, Father Parsons, under the pseudonym of John Howlet, published a booklet, addressed to the Queen, upon the burning question of attendance at Protestant services. This tract was printed and circulated in England, and bore the title of *A Brief Discours contayning certayne Reasons Why Catholiques refuse to goe to Church*. Parsons' work must have attracted some little attention, for we know of at least three replies, the earliest of which, published anonymously in 1581, seems to have been that of Wiburn, who called his book *A Checke or Reproofe of M. Howlet's untimely skreeching in her Maiesties eares*. In this treatise we have the same protest against any attempt to monopolize the name Catholic, but the writer for some reason commonly uses the prefix Roman instead of Romish in qualifying the name when applied to his opponents. The combination recurs so frequently, that it would be ridiculous to attempt any exhaustive enumeration, but a few instances must be given. I select them almost at random.

The profession of the Gospel followeth not your Romaine Catholikes in thirsting after blood.

But such are your English Romane or hot Catholikes.

A parlous dilemma or streight are you Romane Catholikes brought into.

You Romane Catholikes that sue for tolleration.

But every Romane Catholike is a man that perswadeth himselfe the doctrine nowe professed and taught in the Church of England is false doctrine and venomous (sic) to the hearer. Therefore no Romane Catholic may venture his soule to be infected therewith.²

Compared with other controversial writings of the same period, Wiburn's book is on the whole conciliatory in tone, and

¹ *Ibid.* fol. 86 v^o.

² Wiburn, *A Checke or Reproofe*, ff. 27 r^o, 42 r^o, 44 v^o, 132 v^o, 140 r^o, &c.

it is possible that his preference for the form *Roman Catholic* may have been prompted by some pacific intention, but he does occasionally employ such phrases as "*Romish Catholic*" and "*Popish Catholic*,"¹ and his criticisms upon his opponent could not by any stretch of language be described as courteous.

But while *Roman Catholic* seems undoubtedly more polite than *Romish Catholic* or *Popish Catholic*, I cannot find any valid evidence to suggest that any such name was welcomed or acquiesced in by those thus designated, at any rate during this early period. So far as my limited researches justify me in forming an opinion, the representatives of the Papal side never dreamed in the ordinary way of calling themselves anything but simply Catholics. There was, however, an occasional variation, due to foreign usage, which may have had some effect in producing a change of feeling among the less uncompromising. The Church, while claiming Catholicity, *i.e.*, universality, for one of her special marks, has never resented the attribute Roman in itself, but rather welcomed it as defining the centre of her authority and the See of her Supreme Pontiff the Vicar of Christ. Consequently, both in Latin and in the Romance languages the phrases *Ecclesia Catholica Romana*, or in French *l'Eglise catholique romaine*, have at all times been in sufficiently common use. Owing partly to the inverted form, neither the one nor the other suggests the idea that there exists a number of different Churches of which the Roman is only a branch or variety. On the other hand it was and is the cardinal vice of the form *Roman Catholic*, that both those who first used it and those who use it now attribute to the prefix the force of a species limiting a genus. A Protestant says *Roman Catholic* because he holds that there are other kinds of true Catholics besides the Roman kind. The phrase *l'Eglise catholique romaine*, however, as just stated, does not suggest this. It is the equivalent of *Ecclesia Catholica Romana*, the Church which is Catholic and also necessarily Roman. Under warrant then of French and Latin analogies the Catholics of Elizabeth's day made no difficulty about inverting the order of the words and describing their religion as the Catholic Roman. An interesting example or two may be found in a little controversial work which was translated from the French and printed in English, 1575. The original tract by John d'Albini de Valsergues, had appeared at Paris in

¹ *Ibid.* fol. 45 v^o, 162 v^o, &c.

1566. The translation, called *A Notable Discourse*, professes to be printed at Douai. Here at any rate are two examples of a compromise which many seem to have taken to kindly:

St. Augustine, in the Epistle that he doth call *Epistola fundamenti*, cap. 4, doeth write the reasons that did keepe him under the obedience of the Catholike Romane Church.¹

So again,

They [*i.e.*, the heretics of old] preached that the Pope was Antichriste, shewing themselves verie eloquent in detracting and rayling against the Catholike Romane Church.²

Even Protestants occasionally adopted this form, as for example, Fulke in his reply to the same tract of Father Parsons, already referred to.

But why doe you oppose the Catholike Romaine Religion to all other new doctrines, when by the Catholike Romaine religion you meane the present Popish religion and not the ancient Romaine religion, which was the Catholicke religion of all true Christians.³

Apart from this inverted form, which was occasionally used by both Catholics and Protestants, the evidence, as stated above, seems to show that the adherents of the old faith systematically resisted the appellation *Roman Catholic* until it was absolutely forced upon them. The wording of the various memorials which were addressed to the Sovereign towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth and at the beginning of the reign of James I. is very significant in this connection. For example, about the year 1591, Father Robert Southwell, the Jesuit poet and martyr, composed a *Humble Supplication to her Majestie*, which was afterwards printed by unfriendly critics to draw attention to its adulatory tone. Despite his anxiety to conciliate his Sovereign, Father Southwell uniformly refers to himself and his fellow-sufferers as "Catholics" without qualification of any sort. What is even more surprising, the addresses of the "Appellant" clergy who were under suspicion of truckling to the Government, and who were willing to make considerable concessions in the matter of the oath, exhibit the same characteristic. In the "Protestation of Allegiance" drawn up by

¹ *A Notable Discourse*, fol. 12, r^o.

² *Ibid.* fol. 64, r^o.

³ Fulke, *A brief Confutation of a Popish Discourse, lately set forth and presumptuously dedicated to the Queen's Most Excellent Majestie, by John Howlet or some other Bird of the Night under that name.* Lond. 1581, fol. 8 v^o.

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Dr. Bishop and twelve other missionaries on January 31, 1603, although the missionaries went so far as to declare :

We acknowledge and confess the Bishop of Rome to be the successor of St. Peter in that See and to have as ample and no more authority or jurisdiction over us and other Christians than had that Apostle by the gift of Christ our Saviour ;

still they everywhere described themselves as "Catholics," even while they were "most willing to give such assurance and satisfaction on this point as any Catholic priest can or ought to give unto their Sovereign," and while they renounced all idea of "restoring the Catholic religion with the sword," and desired "to persuade all Catholics to do the same."¹ In conclusion, they were ready on the one hand "to spend their blood in the defence of her Majesty," but on the other, "rather to lose their lives than infringe the lawful authority of Christ's Catholic Church." Again, the Catholic "Supplication" of 1603, presented by "your grace's most afflicted and devoted subjects the Catholics of England," uses the simple term Catholics throughout.² And once more in the "Petition," presented to James I. in 1604.³ The only exceptions to the same rule are afforded by such passages as those in which they speak of their "grievous and long-endured pressures for confessing the Catholic Roman faith," or of "the inward belief of the Catholic Roman faith," where the inverted form is used.⁴ The same variant may be found in the *True Relation* (1601) of Dr. Bagshawe, the appellant priest, as for example when he says: "Lord, thought we, whither do these things tend, or what will become of the most ancient and Catholic Roman religion?" but otherwise we find the word Catholic alone. This is also the rule observed in the negotiations carried on by the Earl of Tyrone in 1599 in behalf of the Irish Catholics. We meet, indeed, such phrases as the following :

Articles intended to be stood upon by Tyrone.

1. That the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion be openly preached and taught throughout all Ireland. . . .

2. That there be erected, an university upon the Crown rents of Ireland wherein all sciences shall be taught according to the manner of the Catholic Roman Church.⁵

¹ See Tierney's *Dodd*, iii. pp. clxxxix.—cxv.

² *Ibid.* iv. Appendix viii.

³ *Ibid.* iv. Appendix x.

⁴ T. G. Law's Edition (London, 1889), p. 46.

⁵ Calendar of State Papers (Irish Series), Nov. 1599. p. 279.

But elsewhere the word Catholic appears *sans qualité*. Other similar examples might be found, but it would be tedious to pursue the matter further. What is more important is to examine one or two apparent exceptions in which the word Roman Catholic does seem to be used by Catholics themselves. For example, there is a contemporary inscription attached to the portrait of John Towneley of Towneley, which runs as follows:

This John about the sixth or seventh year of her Majesty's reign that now is, for professing the Apostolick Roman Catholick faith, was imprisoned first at Chester Castle, then sent to the Marshalsea, then to York Castle, then to the Blockhouses in Hull, then to the Gatehouse in Westminster, then to Manchester, then to Broughton in Oxfordshire, then twice to Ely in Cambridgeshire; and so now seventy-three years old and blind is bound to appear and keep within five miles of Towneley his house. Who hath since the Statute of the twenty-third, paid into the Exchequer twenty pounds a month, and doth still, so that there is paid already above five thousand pounds. An. Dni One thousand six hundred and one, John Towneley of Towneley in Lancashire.¹

It must, however, be clear that such a formal phrase as "for professing the Apostolick Roman Catholic Faith," is a very different thing from any casual allusion to John Towneley as a "Roman Catholic." In particular, it excludes exactly that suggestion which, as said above, lay, and still lies at the root of all objections to the composite term, viz., the idea that the Roman Church is only a species of the genus Catholic.

More remarkable is a passage from a state paper recording the examination of a recusant in 1591.² The quotation is particularly interesting, as it clearly shows that the name Roman Catholic was already in common use at that date, and no longer a mere theological nickname used by controversialists.

He beinge examyned whither he hath bin reconcyled, absolved, or withdrawn by any Jesuite, Seminarie, or other minister aucthorised by the Pope, or any other under his Jurisdicion, from his obedience to her maiestie and religion now established whin this her hi[ghnesse] Realme: Sayeth that he was perswaded by one Mr. Parkeson to relinquish the said religion and to conforme himselfe to the Romaine Catholique religion.³

¹ Quoted in Lingard, *Hist. of Eng.* vol. vi. note Z.

² I have to thank Father P. Ryan, S.J., for kindly verifying and copying the text for me from the original document in the Record Office.

³ Dom. Eliz. Addenda. Vol. 32. 81. fol. 15v.

Although this professes to be the deposition of the recusant, there is, of course, nothing to show that the terms in which the examination is taken down, were, in fact, those actually used by the person arrested. It would be quite unwarrantable to infer that such recusants were in the habit of describing themselves as "Roman Catholics." Probably the same criticism might be made as to the examinations of twenty-two priests in 1615, printed by Tierney,¹ though of course it is possible in this latter case that the two or three among their number who are reported to have used the phrase "Roman Catholic faith" or "Roman Catholic religion," may have been influenced by a wish to adopt language which would not be resented by the examiners.

Again, if we find Father Parsons in his *Three Conversions of England* (1604),² introducing the term Roman Catholic, a closer inspection of the passage makes it clear that he is only led to do so by the general drift of Foxe's argument upon which he is commenting. Although Foxe does not actually use this combination, he does, as already noticed above, imply that the Pope's Catholics were a spurious variety of Catholics, and Parsons in replying adopts for the moment his opponent's point of view, using the phrase we are discussing for the sake of variety and brevity. For example he says:

By all which premisses and preambles it seemeth that he [Foxe] bindeth himselfe to deliver us an exact definition of the nature and essentiall points that make a Roman Catholike according to the Pope's Religion.³

Even one instance like this, and there are a good many more in the same treatise, shows that the phrase Roman Catholic was not at all unfamiliar before 1604. None the less the *New Oxford Dictionary* is probably right in suggesting that the recognition of the word as a quasi-official designation of the Church which professed obedience to the Pope, dates from the Spanish Marriage negotiations of 1618—1624. This much at least can be said, that in the earlier discussions which went on regarding the proposed marriage of Elizabeth to the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon, the word does not occur. Neither do we seem to find it in the proposals submitted to Tyrone and other

¹ Tierney's *Dodd*, vol. iv., Appendix, No. xxxvii.

² Parsons, *Three Conversions of England*, 1604, iii. pp. 458, 468.

³ *Ibid.* p. 453.

Irish leaders; while James I., in those of his earlier proclamations and addresses which make any reference to his Catholic subjects, generally describes their religion as "popish" or "Romish," or goes out of the way to declare them "falsely called Catholics but truly papists."¹ But with the necessity of considering Spanish sensibilities, a more courteous tone came to prevail, and the usual term employed to designate the religion of the Spanish people is "Roman Catholic." A single illustration may suffice from one of the contracts drafted at this period, showing as it does that the word Catholic was also sometimes used.

His Majesty obligeth himself by the like to procure, as much as in him lies, that the Parliament shall revoke and abrogate all particular laws made against the said Catholics, whereunto the rest of His Majesty's subjects are not liable, and also all other general laws as to the said Roman Catholics which concern them together with the rest of His Majesty's subjects, and be repugnant to the Roman Catholic religion.²

From this time forward it would appear that official documents, when drafted in a more conciliatory mood, commonly used the form Roman Catholics. Even Cromwell employs it upon occasion.³ On the other hand, the Catholics, after this date, seem to have been cowed into adopting the designation for themselves, at any rate on all occasions when they presented any sort of address or memorial to the Government. It will be sufficient to notice one or two documents drawn up in Ireland at the beginning of the reign of Charles II., for example, the "Humble Remonstrance, Acknowledgment, Protestation, and Petition of the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland" in 1661, which begins: "We, your Majesty's faithful subjects, the Roman Catholick clergy of Ireland," &c., and also the "Protestation" of 1666, which uses the same language.⁴

The practice in Maryland, and in the United States generally, seems to have been similar to that of England, and by the end of the eighteenth century many English-speaking Catholics were apparently content that the term *Roman Catholic* should be employed not only in their official relations with the Government, but even to some extent in documents of a more domestic character. The most remarkable example of this is probably

¹ See James I.'s Speech in Parliament (before the Gunpowder Plot) in March, 1604, in Somers' *Tracts*, ii. 60—69.

² Tierney's *Dodd*, vol. v., p. cccxxii.

³ See Father Denis Murphy, *Cromwell in Ireland*, p. 418.

⁴ Butler, *Historical Memoirs*, ii. pp. 397—413.

furnished by an organization formed in 1794 with the sanction, and seemingly at the instigation, of the Vicars Apostolic, and the very purpose of which was to keep in check the somewhat unorthodox tendencies of the Cisalpine Club. Despite these excellent aims, one is surprised to learn that the official title of the association in question was "the Roman Catholic Meeting."¹

Not less remarkable were the resolutions which, according to Charles Butler, were drawn up by the Irish Bishops of the Province of Leinster in 1821, regarding the Oath of Supremacy in the Bill for the Relief of British Catholics as it passed the House of Commons in 1821. These Irish Bishops at a meeting in which none but Catholic clergy were present, seem to have drafted a body of Resolutions of which the first runs:

"Resolved that we have read with unmingled satisfaction a bill now in progress through Parliament, purporting to provide for the removal of the disqualifications under which His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects now labour and that we deem it a duty to declare that the oath of supremacy as therein modified may be taken by any Roman Catholic without violating in the slightest degree the principles of his religion."²

Charles Butler, who prints this document in his *Historical Memoirs*, also illustrates significantly, by his own practice, the degree in which the Catholics of that period were influenced by the manner of speech of the Protestants around them. In the text of his narrative he seems to have no objection to designate his co-religionists as Roman Catholics, or as he prints it "roman-catholics,"³ and though he more commonly employs the simple term Catholic, the composite form also appears frequently, and without, so far as can be seen, any reason to justify its introduction. Thus he writes: "It was impossible that the roman-catholics should not grieve at the Revolution (of 1688); it was the triumph of the protestant over the catholic establishment." Or again, under the sectional heading, "George II.—the condition of the English roman-catholics under his reign,"⁴ we find such a sentence as "the rebellion of 1745 in which several roman-catholics were engaged," &c. No doubt the introduction of the hyphen may fairly be held to have a saving significance. It seems to rob the prefix of its qualifying

¹ Ward, *Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England*, vol. ii. pp. 64, 65.

² Throughout there is a constant repetition of the term Roman Catholic; never Catholic. (Butler, iv. 494.)

³ C. Butler, *Historical Memoirs respecting the English, Irish, and Scotch Catholics*. Vol. iv. (Ed. 1821), p. 225.

⁴ *Ibid.* vol. iv. p. 269; cf. vol. iv. p. 185; vol. ii. (1819), p. 199, &c.

force, and to emphasize the idea that the compound is merely a name used for brevity's sake, much, for example, as we are accustomed to say Austro-Hungary. But there can be no doubt that in Butler's time considerable laxity of practice had come to prevail among English and Irish Catholics. Neither is it to be wondered at if they were alarmed lest any little indiscretion or assumption upon their part might be laid hold of by their opponents, and used as a weapon to retard the longed-for day of Catholic Emancipation.

With regard to the Emancipation Act itself and to the other acts of relief which preceded and followed it, it cannot, of course, be disputed that the framers of these measures adhered uniformly to the word Roman Catholic as the official designation of those who would formerly have been styled Papists. Moreover, an incident which occurred in 1897 and which is recounted in detail in Mr. Snead Cox's *Life of Cardinal Vaughan*¹ makes it clear that both in 1897 and again in 1901 the advisers of the Crown raised objections, which proved insuperable, against receiving any address from the Cardinal and his suffragans in which they described themselves simply as Catholics. The only permissible style was declared to be "the Roman Catholic Archbishop and Bishops in England,"² and this form Cardinal Vaughan was constrained to accept, reserving to himself, however, the right of explaining on some public occasion the sense in which he understood the term in dispute. A suitable opportunity was afforded at the Newcastle Conference of the Catholic Truth Society in the September of the same year, and just as the Cardinal had previously explained the ambiguity which underlay the name *Roman Catholic* to Mr. Ritchie,³ so in his inaugural address at the Conference he put the matter clearly before the Assembly in popular language. After declaring that "the term Roman Catholic has two meanings; a meaning that we repudiate and a meaning that we accept," and after showing that in the Protestant conception Catholic was a genus which resolved itself into the species *Roman Catholic*, *Anglo-Catholic*, *Greek Catholic*, &c., or else a circle

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 231—241.

² Even the form "Bishops of the Catholic and Roman Church in England" was not allowed by the Home Secretary, Mr. C. T. (afterwards Lord) Ritchie.

³ "By it (the term *Roman Catholic*) you mean one thing and we another. It therefore becomes an equivocal term, and if I deliberately use it as such, I equivocate. . . . If I should use it in my own and in the Catholic sense and not in yours, I owe it to you and to myself to state frankly that we are using the term in two different senses." (Snead Cox, *Life*, ii. 235.)

divided into sections Roman, English, Greek, &c., the Cardinal went on to expound the admissible signification of the term.

With us the prefix "Roman" is not *restrictive* to a species, or a section, but simply *declaratory* of Catholic. It explains the meaning of Catholic applied to the religion of Christ, and asserts its unity. Put it another way, the word "Roman" bears the same relation to "Catholic" that the centre bears to the sphere or circle. All the radii of a circle rest in their common centre. The whole circumference is thus brought into unity with its centre. This is to be Catholic.

"Roman" as prefix to "Catholic" is therefore declaratory that the central point of Catholicity is *Roman*, the Roman see of Peter.¹

This goes to the root of the whole dispute, and it is interesting as supplying some answer to a difficulty urged by the famous Bishop Andrewes in his *Tortura Torti*, 1609. This pillar of the Anglican Church, taking up the cudgels in behalf of his royal master, James I., against Cardinal Bellarmine, ridicules his opponent for adding the word *Romana* to *Catholica*. The combination, Andrewes declares, constitutes a contradiction in terms.

Why [he says, apostrophizing Bellarmine] have you such bad consciences that you dare not use the name *Catholic* alone? What is the object of adding *Roman*? What is the use of it if there is no other Catholic Church except the Roman? The only purpose which such an adjunct can serve is to distinguish your Catholic Church from another Catholic Church which is not Roman.²

Bishop Andrewes repeats this argument more than once and turns it in several different ways. It is curious to find him urging exactly that interpretation of the name which Cardinal Vaughan three hundred years later rightly detected to lie at the root of the Anglican preference for this particular official style. Surely it cannot be a matter of reproach to us English Catholics, if with passages such as this before our eyes, representing the most authoritative teaching of the Church of England, we should uniformly protest against the use of the name Roman Catholic in this country, and strive by every means in our power to claim that, which we have not assumed with any controversial purpose, but which has been our rightful heritage from the beginning.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ *The Tablet*, Sept. 14, 1901, p. 402.

² "Postremo quid ita male vobis consilii *Catholicam* non audetis usurpare solam? Quorsum additis *Romanam*? Quid illa opus est, si praeter *Romanam Catholicam* nulla est? Neque enim ea voce opus ullum nisi ut distinguat vestram ab alia *Catholica* quae *Romana* non est." (*Tortura Torti* in "Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology," p. 368, cf. pp. 22, 372, 494.)

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The Chalice and Infection.

THE Anglican Church has always made a great point of "giving the cup to the laity." "The cup of the Lord," says its Article XXX., "is not to be denied to the lay-people: for both the parts of the Lord's Sacrament, by Christ's ordinance and commandment, ought to be ministered to all Christian men alike." The implication here, that Catholics violate this "ordinance and commandment" by denying the chalice to "lay-people," is somewhat astray, for with us the distinction is not between the clergy and the laity, as though the clergy at all times received from the chalice, and the laity were denied it because of their ecclesiastically inferior condition. Our distinction is between the priest who says the Mass, and therefore must communicate in both kinds to complete the Sacrifice, and all, whether clergy or laity, who present themselves at the altar-rails for the purpose of Communion, and, receiving as much under one kind as under both, do not need to receive from the chalice for the other purpose mentioned. Still, the vast majority of those to whom Communion is given under one kind only, are no doubt lay-people.

Of late, a difficulty has arisen among our Anglican friends, to trouble their adherence to this cherished practice of "giving the cup to the laity." The growing nervousness about infection, which has resulted from the new scientific teaching about microbes, has made people ask if the habit of drinking from the same cup with others who may be suffering from some form of zymotic disease, may not be a means of extensively propagating infection; and some, certainly, of the doctors have encouraged this idea. Dr. M. Paterson, for instance, at the Annual Conference of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption, was reported by the *Daily Mail* to have said that "one method of spreading consumption was the use of the chalice in the Communion Service, and the reason he gave was that most people who were well did not go

to church, but when they fell ill they did." This remark of Dr. Paterson has led to a correspondence in the *Times*, the *Church Times* (and perhaps other papers) which has been going on during August, and has elicited facts showing that the traditional Anglican practice is being seriously affected by the sense of danger thus aroused. Dr. Paterson's suggestion that people delay going to Communion till they are ill enough to fear death is quite uncalled for, but it appears to be true that large numbers do stay away from Anglican Communion for fear of infection (and, we suppose, also from Nonconformist Communion), and that very strange devices are employed in some churches to bring them back. Thus, in the *Times* for August 14th, a Dr. Wilkins, admitting the danger, cited as worthy of imitation the example of a lady of his congregation who used to bring with her a spoon for the celebrant to dip in the chalice and communicate her from. He was followed in the *Times* for the next day by Mr. T. R. Ferens, M.P., who asked: "Why not introduce individual Communion cups, which are in use in hundreds and thousands of places of worship (? Anglican only) in our country?" "Many people," urged Mr. Ferens, "suffering from loathsome infectious diseases of the face and mouth, are less considerate than the lady named in Dr. Wilkins' letter, and attend Communion to the injury of their fellow-communicants. Many people who refused to attend Communion when the common cup was in use, now do so in churches where the individual cups have been introduced. I speak from knowledge and experience." This writer does not suggest what measures shall be taken for the purification of all these "individual cups." Probably, this is because he is no believer in the Real Presence, and the thought does not occur to him. But it would be a serious consideration for those who do believe in this doctrine.

In the *Church Times* correspondence columns, the tendency has been to dispute the existence of the danger. An argument used has been, that if it existed the clergy would be dying off by hundreds, since it is their lot to drink what remains in the chalice after all the others have touched it with their lips. By other correspondents of the *Church Times*, this argument is found wanting on the ground that it is only to those predisposed to suffer from the peccant microbes that they are a danger. Yet there is something surely in the argument. For the great mass of the communicants the danger is practically *nil*, but it may be

serious to some few, and might need to be considered by those in whom the predisposition is recognized. Still, the underlying fact is that, rightly or wrongly, this persuasion of danger is about. Grant that it is exaggerated and is inconsistent; grant, for instance, that those who will not drink of their communion cup for fear of infection, have come to church without inquiry in a cab whose previous fare was highly charged with infection; still the persuasion is there, and it is with its existence, not its reasonableness, that the Anglican clergy have to deal. The *Church Times* sees this, and in its judgment on the discussion in its number for August 18th, says:

How greatly exaggerated the danger is may be judged by the fact that the clergy, who are constantly using the common chalice, are as a body singularly long-lived, which, of course, on the theory so often propounded now-a-days, they ought not to be. We suggest, however, that the Bishops in Convocation should take account of the morbid nervousness that is deterring more and more people every day from the act of Communion. This has now grown to a height at which it has become a danger to religion. The plan of providing each communicant with a separate cup need be mentioned only to reject it at once as wholly detestable. It is not beyond the capacity of the rulers of the Church to devise reasonable methods of dealing with this very real difficulty, and we hope they will give the matter their attention. But meanwhile the parochial clergy could, perhaps, allay the alarm that undoubtedly is felt. They could urge, for example, people suffering from diseases of the lungs and mouth to make their Communion after the other worshippers, just as in the Communion of the Sick the patient is communicated last. Other methods, suited to particular circumstances, will probably suggest themselves, but, whatever is done, the common use of the chalice must be maintained, perhaps with *intinction* [that is, with the consecrated wafer dipped into the chalice] for those who are known to be diseased.

This conclusion seems from the Anglican standpoint to be judicious. One clerical writer to the *Times* for August 16th, calls attention to 1 Edw. vi. c. 1, the Act whereby Communion under both kinds was first enjoined on the Anglican clergy, and points out that it has an excepting clause—"that the said most Blessed Sacrament be hereafter commonly delivered . . . under both kinds, *except necessity otherwise require*." Is not the case that has now arisen, he asks, just the kind of necessity the clause contemplates? The clause in question, whatever it may have contemplated, does not seem to have had any practical effect, and besides, what the prevalent nervousness

demands is a new practice that shall be normal, not exceptional. But the *Church Times* is right, for, if it be true that sacramental Communion under both kinds has been prescribed by Jesus Christ, no exceptions can be tolerated under any circumstances whatever.

Still, has Communion under both kinds been formally prescribed by our Lord? The Anglican Church we may almost say is, historically, built on the affirmative answer, but we would suggest to our Anglican friends that the difficulty in which their adherence to this view is placing them, should induce them to reconsider the question, and this all the more because, if we may believe Gerson, who was potent at Florence in the conciliar determination of this very question, one out of the six reasons urged for sanctioning the continuance of the practice of communicating under one kind, which had gradually come in and was then widely extended, was that to drink of the chalice might at times "become repulsive because many had tasted it." The general tenour of the argument at this Council was that (1) the mere words of institution did not of themselves suffice to involve a precept for all times and circumstances of Communion under both kinds, (2) that the practice of the early Church to sanction Communion under one kind for the sick or for captives or infants, though ordinarily it was given under both, testifies that Communion under both kinds was not deemed to be essential, (3) that the sole fact that the institution was in two kinds does not involve a precept, since two kinds were essential for the sacrifice, and therefore for the priest's part in offering it, but not essential for Communion, seeing that under each kind the whole was received, (4) that to insist on Communion under both kinds, meant, in the enormous increase of the Christian population, either to limit the frequency of Communion or to run the risk of frequent irreverences. It is these reasons we would invite those of our High Church friends to consider who are exercised by the situation that has arisen in their Church.

S. F. S.

Another bogus Jesuit.

A few weeks ago the incompetents who have for the moment got the Portuguese nation into their hands, took it into their heads that the counter-Revolution which is said to be threatening the Republicans from the north, was being engineered and financed by Padre Cabral, the Provincial of the banished Portuguese Jesuits. So convinced were they of this that, it

will be remembered, they went so far as to solicit the Spanish Government to remove him from the place on the Portuguese frontier from which he was supposed to be carrying on his operations. Apparently it was a fit of nervousness born of the consciousness of their insecurity, and not the result of any proper inquiry, which led them into the humiliating position of asking a foreign Government to remove from its territory a man who was not in it—for it turned out that all this time and for months before Padre Cabral was living quietly far away, in Belgium.

It seems that they have now found another mare's nest. We take from the *Osservatore Romano* (for August 12th) a *Central News* telegram of August 10th, hailing through Badajos from Lisbon :

A Portuguese Jesuit, named Joao Henriquez, was arrested yesterday on board the English liner *Araguaya*. The Jesuit had taken his passage for Brazil at Vigo ; documents were found in his possession which proved him to be an agent of Paiva Couceiro, the well-known monarchist leader. A complete plan for the invasion of Portugal was thus discovered together with the names of all the monarchists implicated, many of whom are officials in actual service. The commission of the Jesuit was to undertake a journey with the object of propaganda, and to collect the twenty-five millions necessary for the purchase of a cruiser and of guns.

Now we are in a position to say that, if any person was arrested on board the *Araguaya*, it was certainly not a Jesuit ; in fact, there is no Portuguese Jesuit of that name. Whether any one at all answering to the description given was arrested when the ship was in Lisbon harbour on its way to Brazil we cannot say, for inquiries made at the office of the R.M.S.P. Company have elicited that no knowledge of the arrest has reached them. Nor does it seem likely that an English captain would allow a passenger who joined his English ship at Vigo to be arrested whilst still on board that ship, even if the passenger was of Portuguese nationality and the place of arrest Lisbon harbour—that is, for a purely political offence, which is all that the telegram implies.

Probably the whole story is made up, like so much else that comes from Lisbon since the Republican censorship has undertaken to regulate all the news sent abroad. Even if it should be true, there is nothing discreditable in a Portuguese desiring to free his country from the incubus which still weighs it down ;

for the counter-Revolution is directed against a Government which has no claim so far to be the Government *de facto*, being intensely disliked by the people and only kept in power, to judge from the reports we hear, by bands of hooligans. Had the man arrested, if there was such a man, been a Jesuit there would have been an objection to take. Not that the present Government would have even then the right to complain, for a man does not lose his citizenship by becoming an ecclesiastic. But the Jesuits have made a rule for themselves which has the sanction of the Holy See, that they shall abstain from all action of this sort even in a just cause, and the rule is one which—we are speaking of modern days—is strictly observed. If then, in this or any other case, our readers are assured that Jesuits have been detected acting as political leaders or agents, they are quite safe in disbelieving the charge.

For instance, just as we write, a Lisbon telegram in the *Times* for August 23rd, announces that "a Parliamentary Commission has been appointed to examine the papers found in the houses of the Jesuits"; and that Senhor Joao Menezes, in proposing the appointment of the Commission, declared that in these papers would be found proof "that various prominent members of the House of Orleans had organized a Jesuit invasion of Portugal, and had provided a sum of £8,000 for a Royalist campaign." It is but another mare's nest, as indeed is too obvious, for the report does not even hang together. £8,000 for a campaign of this sort is certainly a moderate figure. What sort of "Jesuits," we wonder, are considered likely to succeed in a military expedition? And how expect to find in "the Jesuit houses," which have been in the hands of the Government since the day when King Manoel left the country, papers referring to an invasion recently projected for his restoration? S. F. S.

A Notable Historiographer.

Those who are attracted by historical curiosities should not neglect to study the "Protestant Notes" contributed to the *English Churchman* by Mr. Walter Walsh, F.R.Hist.S., where they will find a good deal of sensational matter for which they will look in vain elsewhere. In the issue for August 10, 1911, Mr. Walsh thus gravely informs the public:

The Jesuits have just been observing the Feast of their Founder, Ignatius Loyola. The occasion may serve as an excuse for reminding

my readers that there are several classes of Jesuits. There are Lay Jesuits as well as Priest Jesuits. Of the latter class the "Fathers" of the Three Vows are the majority. They have no voice in the control of the Jesuit Order, and are removable [from what?] at the will of the General of the Jesuits. They know but little or nothing of the secrets of the Order. From their ranks are selected the men of a courageous and kindly disposition, who are sent out to Foreign Missions and earn for the Order the reputation which does not really belong to its rulers. These are known as "Fathers" of the Four Vows, and in their ranks may be found its more noted politicians. At the close of the sixteenth century a Jesuit priest became Lord Chancellor of Scotland. He was the first Earl of Dunfermline. He professed Protestantism, but was a Roman Catholic all the time, and died, as he had lived, a Papist, in full communion with Rome, having, while a Jesuit priest, married three wives in succession! He was buried as a Presbyterian, though he had received the last Sacraments of the Church of Rome on his death-bed. Most of the work of the English Jesuits is done for them by Sodalities of men and women, who are admitted in the name and by the authority of the General of the Jesuits.

What occasion, we must ask, can "serve as an excuse" for volunteering information so ludicrously incorrect in every particular? and what are we to think of an authority who is not ashamed to put his name to so much nonsense? As to the person specifically cited as an example of the noted politicians who constitute the inner circle of the Jesuit Order, namely, Alexander Seton, first Earl of Dunfermline, it will be sufficient to observe that having been born a Catholic he early professed Protestantism, and though in his youth, according to the bad custom of the period, promoted to ecclesiastical dignity, he seems never to have received Holy Orders. It is quite true that he married three wives (it is satisfactory to learn on the authority of Mr. Walsh that he did not espouse them all at once, but *successively*), though from the way in which the tale is told it might appear that for a Jesuit priest this sort of thing was so usual as to attract no observation and create no difficulty with either Catholics or Protestants. And how comes it that it has been left to Mr. Walsh to discover and remind the world of so singular a piece of history?

We find ourselves, in fact, confronted with an awkward dilemma. If this writer really believes such stuff as we have seen, what qualities are required of a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society? If, on the other hand, he can appreciate its absurdity, what must he think of the intelligence of readers whom he expects to swallow it?

J. G.

Pope Nicholas, Patron of Duelling.

Whatever good intentions the projectors of the new *Encyclopædia Britannica* may have entertained of dealing with all religious questions fairly and from a neutral standpoint, it must be confessed that Providence has not been kind to them as regards the realization of this commendable purpose. A distressing example of failure in this respect, one among many, is furnished by the article *Duel* contributed by Mr. F. Storr, for many years Head Master of Merchant Taylors, and even better known as editor of the *Journal of Education*. Mr. Storr may possess a profound knowledge of duelling and the codes of honour in the seventeenth century, but he certainly has taken no pains, as even his bibliography would prove, to acquaint himself with the ecclesiastical history of the wagers of battle or judicial combat as we find it in the early Middle Ages. The following passage would alone fully suffice to justify our criticism. "Even the Church," says Mr. Storr, "resorted to it (a judicial duel) not unfrequently to settle disputes concerning Church property. Abbots and priors as territorial lords and high justiciaries had their share in the confiscated goods of the defeated combatant, and Pope Nicholas when applied to in 858 pronounced it 'a just and legitimate combat.'" No doubt the writer of this passage is only echoing the statement he has found in Brantome or some equally tainted source, and we may also concede that the relation of the Church to the practice of judicial combats in the early centuries is a matter of considerable obscurity. Moreover, the action of many ecclesiastics was in sundry ways open to criticism. But the letter of Pope St. Nicholas I. to Charles the Bald, is something definite and easily accessible. Anyone who takes the trouble to examine the document as it is to be found in Mansi or in Migne or in other collections will learn at a glance that there was no question of Pope Nicholas being "applied to" to deliver a verdict on the lawfulness of judicial combats. It is difficult to believe that a writer who uses such language can ever have seen the letter. What is even more serious, instead of approving the practice of such combats, the Pope distinctly condemns them. It is true that a few strongly prejudiced writers have interpreted the words *legalem conflictum* and *legitimum certamen* of a physical contest of arms, but even so unclerical an authority as Federico

Patetta points out that the Pope's language about "producing witnesses and the other persons who are required both by the sacred canons and the venerable laws of Rome" is entirely inconsistent with such a view of his meaning.¹ If he speaks of a "conflict" and a "battle" he is thinking only of a legal encounter according to the very primitive conditions of those days. Probably enough, as Patetta has suggested, the whole mare's nest has been evolved out of a certain love of alliteration in which the good Pontiff was prone to indulge. We give the original of the passage principally concerned, though it is to be noted that the Pope's objection to duelling is indicated clearly enough in other parts of his letter.

Praeterea sive de coniugii foedere, sive de adulterii crimine iudicium sit agitandum nulla ratio patitur Theutbergam cum Lothario posse legalem inire conflictum vel legitimum controversiae subire certamen nisi prius ad tempus fuerit suae potestati reddita et consanguineis propriis libere sociata. Inter quos etiam locus providendus est in quo nulla sit vis multitudinis formidanda et non sit difficile testes producere vel ceteras personas quae tum a sanctis canonibus quum a venerandis Romanis legibus in huiusmodi controversiis requiruntur.²

In any case it must be plain that Mr. Storr has no right to found a positive and unqualified statement upon such dubious evidence as that here reproduced.

H. T.

The Apologia of an ex-Jesuit.

Count Paul von Hoensbroech, a well-known ex-priest in Germany, entered the Jesuit novitiate at Exaten, in Holland, on November 4, 1878, and left it unexpectedly, and without the slightest previous notice given, on December 16, 1892. Since then he has renounced his faith as well as his vows of religion, and after a temporary adhesion to German Evangelicalism, has ceased apparently to be a Christian in any but the vaguest sense. If, however, he adheres to no form of positive Christianity, he has developed a bitter hatred for the Jesuits, notwithstanding that, whilst he was in the Order, his relations with them, so far as they knew, were cordial, and that, for a time after he had ceased to share their life, he spoke of them personally (as we have understood), with respect. But in 1896, or thereabouts,

¹ Patetta, *Le Ordalie*, p. 400.

² Mansi, XV. c. 320.

having been mysteriously disappointed over a diplomatic appointment he hoped to get from the Kaiser, a disappointment which, on pure conjecture, he attributed to the Centre Party, he tells us he realized that his true vocation was "to make known as widely as possible the true nature of Ultramontaniam, and to stir up a war against it." In such a programme a campaign of slander against the Jesuits was a necessary feature, and this would seem to be the explanation of the bitter animosity against his former colleagues which from that time forward, without any provocation on their part, he developed. We take these facts from his *Vierzehn Jahre Jesuit*, an autobiography in two volumes, recently published, in which he gives his own version of his experiences with the Jesuits, and collects a multitude of extracts from their works, dexterously selected after the usual manner so as to exhibit their principles in the worst light.

We should perhaps not think it necessary to comment on this *Schmähschrift*, by one who in Germany is not deemed worthy of much attention, either by Catholics or Protestants, were it not that the *Times*, in its *Literary Supplement* for August 10th, has a notice of the book, in which the reviewer, premising that "an honest account of a conversion rarely fails to be interesting and instructive," compares Count Paul von Hoensbroech's account of his abandonment of Catholicism with Professor A. von Ruville's account of his recent conversion to that faith. This reviewer guards himself, as far as words go, from more than provisional acceptance of the facts in *Vierzehn Jahre Jesuit*, but he comes very near to assuming their truth, and shows a manifest preference for this "convert's" personality and reasons, as compared with von Ruville's. It is true he is not reviewing von Ruville's *Zurück zur heiligen Kirche*, but he summarizes its argument in a short abstract which renders it very inadequately, omitting what for von Ruville was its primary feature (of which we gave an account in *THE MONTH* for December, 1910); and then pronounces the other book to be "a record much bulkier [which it certainly is], and more thorough in its handling of the critical questions involved than Dr. Ruville's brochure" [which may be well questioned]. His final verdict is that "Graf von Hoensbroech's *Apologia pro vita sua* is, besides an *apologia*, also frankly a polemic; but, as far as we can judge, it is written with candour, and without suppression of any good points that can, in his opinion, be claimed for his antagonists," and elsewhere he describes it as "not only a deeply interesting human document,

but also as containing what is *prima facie* a damaging indictment of the Jesuit Order and of Roman Catholic clericalism in general."

Perhaps we ought not to object to this facile method of disavowing responsibility for the truth of facts alleged, and yet to all intents and purposes accepting them as constituting a serious indictment against a body of clergy not altogether unesteemed by the many respectable people who know them. The reviewer can doubtless plead that the method is commonly practised and allowed, as indeed it is—when Jesuits or other Ultramontanes are the objective. We may, however, do what the reviewer finds it superfluous to do, that is, take the author's allegations and apply to them a suitable test.

These allegations fall into two classes—one which concerns supposed Jesuit opinions, and claims to rest on the very words of Jesuit authors; the other which concerns the author's supposed experience of Jesuit personalities and their ways. We need not occupy ourselves with the former, as Count von Hoensbroech has to his own confusion elicited from a German court of justice a decisive proof that he is not to be trusted in regard to the one charge of false moral teaching which has always been set in the forefront of such indictments against the Jesuits. He undertook, in reply to a challenge, to prove that in their books they regularly teach that the "end justifies the means"; and, having contrived to bring the matter before the Oberlandesgericht in Cologne, got a judgment on the extracts he produced, that "whatever might be thought of the moral questions involved in the citations," these citations did not either formally or substantially support his contention; and yet, as the reviewer allows, "we may take it . . . that he said whatever can be said to fasten responsibility for this maxim on the Jesuits." It is true that—with his English reviewer's apparent approval—he seeks to gather from the "whatever" clause in this judgment that the court expressed an indirect condemnation of the morality contained in the citations, but no one will thus construe the clause in question who is acquainted with the universal rule of courts of justice to refuse to pronounce in any way on matters declared to be outside the issue; in fact, it was just this sort of refusal which the "whatever" clause was meant to intimate. Moreover, Herr K. Jentsch, a Freethinker, in *Die Zeit* (Vienna, Jan. 4, 1904), commenting on the judgment, said, in precise reference to the

moral question involved in these citations, that "if Hoensbroech finds perverse morality, or incitement to sin, in the opinion that such actions are lawful, it is not necessary to demonstrate to persons of intelligence that he makes himself ridiculous." However, we have already gone into this matter of the Hoensbroech *v.* Dasbach lawsuit,¹ and need say no more about it now.

We come then to the alleged personal experiences of Count von Hoensbroech as regards the Jesuits he knew, or those who placed themselves under Jesuit direction. Three of them are referred to in the review. One that his mother, whose every action was directed and controlled by Jesuits, used to indulge in some ridiculously superstitious practices; a second that in the year 1889 or 1890, a dying Jesuit of the name of Niemöller assured Count Paul that "his hardest trial in the Order . . . was the feeling that one is surrounded by a system which is full of dissimulation"; a third that two Stonyhurst Fathers—two Jesuit Fathers whose names are in honour not among Catholics only—sanctioned in their pupils conduct which, as it is too loathsome to designate, we must be content to describe with the reviewer as "not wanting in sensational features." These are the three episodes, out of many in the book, which seem to have specially impressed the reviewer. The account in each case rests on Count von Hoensbroech's testimony: what is its value? Is he a person whose assertions one can safely credit?

One way of testing his credibility would be by examining a fair number of his allegations and the sort of evidence on which he bases them. This we have done, with the result that we have formed a very poor idea indeed of Count von Hoensbroech's critical power, accuracy, and candour. His plan seems to be to look on all sides for unpleasant things said against any Jesuit or Jesuits, and at once to transfer them to his pages, without troubling himself about the character of the witnesses, still less about what has to be said on the other side. Moreover, in a manner not usual with men of honour, he continually violates the privacies of conversation between intimate friends, by reporting remarks which, if published, are calculated to make mischief; nor can we feel certain that, before reporting such private conversations, he has not twisted them into forms better adapted to his purpose. We have before us the notes which seem to us to justify this criticism, but, as we have not space to discuss the points here, we may refer any one who wishes to

¹ THE MONTH, Nov. 1905, p. 537.

pursue the subject to Father Duhr's *Jesuitenfabeln*, which very carefully and quietly examines most of the instances cited in *Vierzehn Jahre Jesuit*. Naturally Count von Hoensbroech dislikes a writer who stands so much in his way, but the reader of both books will judge for himself which makes out the best case.

There is also another book which may usefully be compared with the volume before us. It is a book entitled *Warum sollen die Jesuiten nicht nach Deutschland zurück?* ("Why may not the Jesuits come back to Germany?") This little brochure of 150 pages was published in 1891, that is to say some eighteen months before Count von Hoensbroech ran away from the Jesuits. It is a plea for the repeal of the law forbidding the return of the German Jesuits to their native land, and a refutation of the charges against them by which the law was motivated. The author of this book is Count von Hoensbroech himself. If we compare it with his recent book we shall find that in this latter book he denies, but in the former maintained, that the Jesuits have a true love for their country; that the *Monita Secreta* is a spurious document whose allegations are merely slanders of an enemy; that blind obedience is not opposed to morality but an aid to it; that the great Jesuit writers did not advocate tyrannicide; that the Jesuit Colleges in England are places where both the intellectual and the moral training of the pupils is sound, and so on. In view of this glaring inconsistency, how can we be expected to treat the writer as a trustworthy witness! Of course he seeks to avoid this awkward dilemma by pleading that the former book was written under compulsion, the latter when he had recovered his freedom. But he must know very well that, although there is a law in the Society that its sons shall not publish books in which unsound doctrine is advocated, there is no law obliging a man to express opinions in which he disbelieves. Nor can any principle of blind obedience be cited as involving such an objection, for to express opinions in which one disbelieves is sinful, and no Jesuit Superior either would or could exact that of his subject. Moreover, the tone of the earlier book is not that of a man who is writing under compulsion but of one who writes from conviction, and puts his heart into his words. Count von Hoensbroech, then, must face the dilemma, and not be surprised if sensible people conclude that a man capable of such contradictions is not one whose statements can be trusted.

To return, then, to the comparison between the two conversions, as suggested to us by the *Times* reviewer. We admit that it is a comparison both interesting and instructive; indeed, we could not wish for one which better illustrates the difference between the motives of those who abandon the Catholic Church and of those who submit to it. By all means let von Ruville's *Back to Holy Church* be compared with von Hoensbroech's *Fourteen Years a Jesuit*, and let it be judged on which side is the ἡθικὴ πίστις.

Reviews.

I.—THE LOGOS AS SAVIOUR.¹

ST. JOHN alone of the New Testament writers speaks of our Lord as the Logos, yet he, when he introduces this unusual term, attaches to it the greatest importance, for he places it at the head of his Prologue as expressing the root-idea of all that is to follow. This is a fact which calls for explanation, and an extensive literature, Catholic, Protestant, and Rationalistic, has grown up around it. Whence did the Evangelist derive his Logos-doctrine, and in what sense does he apply the term to our Lord? It is these questions that Dr. Krebs investigates in the volume before us, a volume which is a welcome accession to our exegetical literature, for it sifts the whole subject under all its aspects with truly German thoroughness.

Since St. John, he says, at the very beginning of his Gospel calls Christ the Logos, without offering any explanation of the term, he must be assuming that both the term and its meaning are well known to his readers. Whence, then, did they derive their knowledge? Possibly from the Apostle's previous oral teaching, but then whence did he derive that? On one side it has been contended that he derived it from a formal revelation, such as that implied in Apoc. xix. 13; on the other, that he took it over from the Logos-speculations of Philo and the Alexandrians, or again from the Wisdom doctrine of the Old Testament or the Memra doctrine of the later Rabbinical

¹ Der Logos als Heiland im ersten Jahrhundert, ein religions-und dogmengeschichtlicher Beitrag zur Erlösungslehre. Mit einem Anhang: Poimandres und Johannes. Von D. Theol. et Phil. Engelbert Krebs. Freiburg-im-Breisgau and London: Herder. Pp. xix, 184. Price, 4s. net. 1910.

schools. But here a distinction is necessary. To suppose that the author of the Fourth Gospel simply took over the current doctrine of these Greek or Alexandrian schools is inconsistent with the hypothesis of Apostolic origin, for this surely is the very last thing an Apostle would have been likely to do, and indeed is only held by those who disbelieve in revelation and are compelled to find an evolutionary origin for the doctrine. The very nature of the pronouncements about the Logos which the Prologue makes involves that they were made on the authority of a revelation accorded to the Apostle. This, however, refers to the substance of the pronouncements, not necessarily to the particular form, of a Logos-doctrine, in which they were cast. The latter may well have been suggested to the sacred writer by the religious speculations that were going on around him and exciting the interest of earnest minds. In other words, if we make the highly probable supposition that the doctrine of the Logos was much discussed at Ephesus, that meeting-place of every school of contemporary thought, it becomes most natural that the Apostle, finding it to be a doctrine full of serious error, and yet containing a germ of precious truth, should adopt the term Logos for which there was justification in the Wisdom and Memra teaching of Jewish tradition, and in a few impressive sentences should declare the true nature of this Logos, foreshadowed by the sacred writings of the Old Testament and distinctly taught by the Christian revelation, as solving the puzzles to devout thought over which the Stoics and Alexandrians were labouring. If we conceive thus of the relation of the Fourth Gospel to the Logos speculation of these philosophical schools, the precise degree of likeness or unlikeness between these speculations and the affirmations of the Gospel ceases to be of any dogmatic importance. It remains, however, on the principle that *opposita juxtaposita lucescunt*, that the fuller and more accurate is our knowledge of the former, the better we can appreciate the force of the latter, and in this respect we are greatly indebted to Dr. Krebs for his scholarly chapters on the Oriental Religions, the Greco-Roman Philosophy, the Greco-Egyptian Syncretism, and again on the Writings of Philo, the Wisdom doctrine of the Bible, the Memra doctrine of the Targumim, the Odes of Solomon, and particularly the supplementary chapters which form the speciality of the book, and are devoted to an examination of Dr. Reitzenstein's recent endeavour to trace by means

of the Poimandres writings a paternity for St. John's doctrine in the Egyptian mystery-cults.

If St. John borrowed the term Logos from these contemporary speculations because he detected in them, as capable of being thus expressed, a germ of truth which it was desirable to draw forth and expound aright, what was this germ of truth? This is a point which Dr. Krebs brings out particularly well, and it is important because it explains what in many commentaries is not clearly grasped, the connection between the Prologue and the theme of the whole Fourth Gospel. By an induction based on the different forms of Logos speculation he shows that the received conception of the Logos tends to be not merely cosmological, but also ethical.

Among Jews and pagans, among learned philosophers and the plain, simple, but religious-minded people, the idea prevailed that the pantheistic All-reason, or the wisdom of the personal God, His word of power, or word of enlightenment, was not only the author or co-author of the world's origin and the world's conservation, but likewise the leader of souls, the bringer to these of true knowledge and true salvation. An accepted name for this Mediator of Salvation was σοφία or λόγος. The term Logos was the term which could be readily understood in this sense by Jews as well as Pagans, by Palestinians as well as Alexandrians. Also among many there was cherished the expectation of a Saviour of Men and Comforter of Souls, destined to come at some appointed time in the future. An inner connection, however, between this expectation and the Logos-idea was not thought of.

When, with this germ of truth in the Logos speculations before us, we turn to St. John's Prologue, do we not feel at once that it gives us the key to its meaning, and likewise to the true relation in which the coming Saviour stands to the abstract conception? There is a Logos, the Apostle says in effect, whose inner nature this term aptly denotes. He is indeed the world's author and sustainer, and He is also its Saviour. For He is self-existing Life and also Light; and is the Saviour of men, of such men as receive this Light and thereby attain to the true life of Divine Sonship. And in due time, through the mystery of the Incarnation, this Divine Person, who is the Creator of all things, took His place on the stage of history and became visible to man as his Saviour. These are the leading ideas which the Gospel is to expound, doctrinally and historically laid down at its commencement, and shown to spring by due consequence the root-idea of the Logos.

We have referred to the other question, whether the term Logos is used by St. John literally as expressing the inner being of the Person there designated, or only His earthly work. Dr. Harnack is conspicuous among those who maintain the latter, but Dr. Krebs insists that the literal sense is the only one consistent with the text. And so it is without doubt. The Logos in verse i. is God's Logos who lived in companionship with God and yet was God. This can only mean that the Logos bears to God (the Father) the relation of His uttered word, and yet is a true Person, and a Divine Person as fully as God (the Father). This second Divine Person was in the beginning with God the Father, who through Him was the Creator of all things that are made. But He was also Life, and as Life became Light to men, to draw them out of the darkness of death and impart to them of His own life that they might through it be made the sons of God; for this end He became Man. Thus the idea of the Logos as Saviour is brought into prominence as a fit beginning to the historical narrative which itself furnishes frequent opportunities for further exposition of this inner being of the Logos as Life and Light. But all this is literal, not merely metaphorical.

2.—THE EDUCATION OF CATHOLIC GIRLS.¹

There are writers on educational subjects whose knowledge of young people has been derived mainly from books, and there are others who know little about books and modern theories of education, but have had much to do with teaching and training, and thoroughly understand the *genus* boy or girl in the flesh. The authoress of the book before us, who will be speedily recognized as the Superior for many years of one of our best-known convent schools, combines in herself both these qualifications. Many hundreds of girls, with all their varieties and complexities of mind and character, must have passed through her hands, and yet—as the readers of these papers will see—she has kept a watchful eye on the up-to-date educational literature of all schools and standpoints, and has pondered on its methods with singular independence of judgment and discernment. In a brief introductory paragraph Mother Stuart explains that her book “presents a point of view which owes something

¹ By Janet Erskine Stuart. With a Preface by the Archbishop of Westminster. London: Longmans. Pp. xii, 243. Price, 3s. 6d. 1911.

both to old and new, and makes an appeal for the education of girls to have its distinguishing features recognized and freely developed in view of ultimate rather than immediate results"—an idea which the Archbishop of Westminster, in a highly commendatory Preface, sets forth more fully in the following words:

The effect on some of our Catholic schools of the newer methods has not been free from harm. Compelled by force of circumstances, parental and financial, to throw themselves into the current of modern educational effort, they have at the same time been obliged to abandon quieter traditional ways which, while making less display, left a deeper impress on the character of the pupils. Others have had the courage to cling closely to hallowed methods built up on the wisdom and experience of the past, and have united with them all that was not contradictory in recent educational requirements. . . . The test of time will publicly show that they have given to both past and present an equal share in their consideration.

It is not only in respect of their mental training, but also of character training, that Mother Stuart insists on the necessity of working for the future rather than for the present. Do not be satisfied, is her exhortation to parents and teachers, with a formation of character that may suffice under the conditions of school-life; do not rest content till you have so perfected the formation that it may be equal to the demands of adult-life, when your girls will have far more difficult occasions to contend with, and will have to contend with them alone.

The book contains twelve chapters, of which the following are some of the titles: Religion, Character, Realities of Life, Lessons and Play, Modern Languages, Manners, Higher Education of Women. Acute observations, none of which are stale and many of which are really illuminating, meet one at every turn, and manifest how firm is the writer's grasp of educational problems. A few quotations will best indicate their style and character. In the commencing chapters on Religion, Mother Stuart deprecates the tendency in some teachers to impress over much the stern side of God's relations with His children, rather than the loving and tender side. She would have children taught to conceive a right idea of God, of themselves and their destiny, of sin and evil, of the four last things, of Jesus Christ and His Mother.

It is a pity [she says] that evil instead of good is made a prominent feature of religious teaching. To be haunted by the thought of evil and the dread of losing one's soul, as if it were a danger threatening us at every step, is not the most inspiring ideal of life; quiet, steady,

unimaginative fear and watchfulness, is harder to teach, but gives a stronger defence against sin than an ever present terror; while all that belongs to hope awakens a far more effective response to good. Some realization of our high destiny as heirs of Heaven is the strongest hold that the average character can have to give steadiness in prosperity and courage in adversity. Chosen souls will rise higher than this, but if the average can reach so far as this they will do well.

In the paper on the *Realities of Life*, the value of manual work is emphasized.

Manual work gives balance and harmony and the development of the growing creature. A child does not attain to its full power unless every faculty is exercised in turn, and to think that hard mental work alternated with hard physical exercise will give it full and wholesome development, is to ignore whole provinces of its possessions. Generally speaking, children have to take the value of their mental work on the faith of our word. . . . Physical exercise is a joy to healthy children, but it leaves nothing behind as a result. Children are proud of what they have done and made themselves. . . . Children will go quietly back again and again to look, without saying anything, at something they have made with their own hands, their eyes telling all that it means to them, beyond what they can express.

These are but specimens, and specimens which suffer as such specimens usually do, by being cut out of their context. They do not bring out the comprehensiveness of this study of methods, but they may serve to illustrate the penetrative character of Mother Stuart's criticism.

In parting with this fascinating little book we may express a wish that it should fall into the hands not merely of Catholic parents and teachers who are sure to value it, but also into the hands of some of that increasing number of educationalists who are intensely dissatisfied with the past neglect of character-training in English schools, and are striving to recover for it its proper place and precedence in the programmes of the future. Reformers of this class have often the feeling that Catholic education has a method and experience of its own, especially in this art of character-training, which they would like to know more of. In Mother Stuart they have an authoritative exponent of our convent-system at its best, of its ideals and endeavours, and, if the perusal of her book should lead on to a desire for more intimate acquaintance with this system, it would be, we are convinced, to the advantage of both sides if the nuns and the educationalists we refer to were brought more frequently into personal contact.

3—CANON SHEEHAN'S LATEST NOVEL.¹

The Queen's Fillet (which we do not think a very happy title for a book which is about so many other things) is Canon Sheehan's latest novel, and the story covers a period reaching from the eve of the Great Revolution to the reign of Louis XVIII. The hero, Count Maurice de Brignon, flings aside not only the title which his autocratic father was for forcing him to resign, but the ecclesiastical habit which he was equally driven to assume. Whether, even at this period, the Sulpicians would indeed have consented to accept for ordination, under Court pressure, a youth who kept telling them he had no "shadow of a vocation" to a profession which he "detests and loathes," and for which he is "in every way unsuitable" (pp. 21, 22), we cannot tell. But if so, we cannot believe that the picture drawn of them (pp. 19, 20), as men who have the "ecclesiastical spirit in its highest and most perfect manifestation" can be true. It is, however, "the spirit of aloofness from what it contemptuously terms 'the world'; . . . that adopts in all its entirety the mediæval views of the body as the deadly enemy of the soul; and whilst professing the deepest spiritual abasement and humility, regards with a kind of contemptuous pity those whom it designates as 'seculars.' The *ignominia seculi*, the degradation of the secular habit, the pride of spiritual rank, the exaltation of the sacerdotal order, are the dominant ideas which prevail in ecclesiastical seminaries" and "reached their highest realization in . . . the gentle and holy, and polished and learned" Sulpicians who were the "worthy predecessors" of Renan's pedagogues. We confess that this picture of the asceticism of Issy is as unsympathetic as that of its intellectual equipment, and we shall be safe in believing that both are misdrawn.

Maurice's career is eventful. He is absorbed into the Revolution, marries, is buffeted by gales of contradictory political sympathies, and ends as a Carthusian Abbot, when he rescues his daughter Adèle from the consequences of that intriguing spirit she inherits from him, and reimposes upon her the name and title which he had abdicated. André Chénier, Robespierre, Talleyrand, are figures which recur constantly in a book where historical erudition is much to the fore, and where

¹ *The Queen's Fillet*. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. Pp. 376. Price, 6s. 1911.

certain magnificent episodes (occasionally a little modified and fused) may be welcomed with willing recognition. The style, however, is far too melodramatic (the *Tale of Two Cities* comes, indeed, much less frequently to mind than might have been expected), and it admits, as is natural, sudden oddities. We cannot believe the *ordinandi* of Issy fell prostrate at the Bishop's feet "with a crash" (p. 34); that the Paris pavement was ever "greased, *an inch thick*, with human blood" (p. 148); it is impossible to say, when relating the passionate protest of a starving peasant, that "the bronchial tubes made their own dismal music"; or that on Marshal Ney's "crushed and mangled" chest, "black with congealed blood," with "splintered ribs peeping forth," "*a great blob of blood*" hung down, &c. (p. 297). No, really! Language has its *convenances*; and in no case would a school-girl have been allowed to watch at night by so ghastly a coffin, even in a convent, where she had been awakened by the eccentric (though "familiar") adjuration: "*Benedicamus, Domine!*" (*sic*, p. 293). We do not like mixed mythologies (on p. 5 Ahriman's ministers stand on the slopes of Gehenna); nor to have simple French phrases translated in footnotes (especially when *Le jeu ne va pas, aujourd'hui*, pales into "There is no fun on to-day," p. 263).

4.—VLADIMIR SOLOVIEV.¹

All interested in the reunion of Christendom will welcome this biographical notice of Vladimir Soloviev, seeing how prominent he was among those earnest Russians on whose devotion to so good a cause our hopes of its ultimate realization must rest. He was born in 1853, of parents firmly attached to the religious institutions of their country, yet the secret study of the writings of Büchner, Renan, and Strauss brought on a crisis which left him, at the precocious age of fourteen, unable to join in any religious act. Still, his head and his heart were both too good for this eclipse of the religious sense to last, and by the age of nineteen he had not only recovered his faith, but was inspired by the zeal of an apostle. For the time his attraction was to the study of philosophy, the philosophy of life, and he had made such use of his talents and opportunities that, before

¹ *Un Newman russe. Vladimir Soloviev (1853—1900). Par Michael d'Herbigny. Paris: Beauchesne. Pp. xviii, 336. Price, 3 fr. 50. 1911.*

he had completed his twenty-second year, he became Professor of Philosophy at the University of Moscow. In spite of his youth he made a deep impression on the pupils who crowded to hear him. They were mostly smitten with Positivism, the fashionable philosophy of the period, and an examination into the claims of this philosophy formed the matter of his first course of lectures. Such were his powers of persuasion that Professor Wedensky, the present President of the Philosophical Society of St. Petersburg, testifies that "there was not one of his pupils whom he did not convert."

But it is as an apostle of reunion that he chiefly interests us. There were those around him—we do not know in what numbers—who were deeply sensible of the extent to which the schism between East and West was responsible for the alarming decay of piety and growth of infidelity, in Russia as in the rest of Europe. One of these was Alexis Khomiakov, and it was in his school that Soloviev imbibed his first notions on the reunion question. Khomiakov had a view of his own as to what was needed to remove the scandal, a view which was somewhat peculiar and personal; but he was strongly opposed to "Romanism," which he considered was chiefly responsible for the separation, being "the irreconcilable enemy of all intellectual and social progress and destructive of all personal dignity." It was from this view that Soloviev started, but his mind was set on truth, and he was prepared to seek it and follow it at all costs. So he made a diligent study of the subject, going direct to the fountain-head of historical evidence, that is, to the writings of the Early Fathers, whom the Easterns were wont to venerate. Under the influence of these researches he had reached by 1883 the conclusion that the guilt of the schism, which was great indeed, lay at the door of the Byzantine Empire; but the Providence of God had caused the Russian people to be born to Christianity just at the time when the schism was consummated, clearly in order that, in the due time which now seemed to be near, Russia might take the lead in promoting the reconciliation. On the other hand he had learned to think better of Rome, having observed how truly Christian, and how truly universalist, was her spirit. Towards the end of the same year he developed this idea in a book entitled *The Great Conflict and Christian Politics*. In this book, the great conflict which had gone on since the outbreak of the schism was the conflict between two tendencies. Among the Easterns the

prevailing tendency was to contemplation, an excellent thing in itself, but which was prone to lapse, as it had done, into indolence, and to issue in egoism and indifference in regard to others. In the West the tendency was to action, again an excellent disposition in itself, but one which had passed into a worship of worldly progress and grandeur. Thus the East had erected national exclusiveness into a religious principle, whilst the West had become possessed by the spirit of universal domination, and had sought to erect a "Cæsaro-Papism." It was the clash between these opposing spirits which had provoked the schism, the *Filioque* controversy having served only as a pretext. The remedy must be by all rallying round the Papacy, a very different thing from the Cæsaro-Papism, and one to which Russia must learn to do justice—for Rome and Rome alone had exhibited to the world in fact a visible centre of unity such as the Church needed, nor was any other centre of unity conceivable.

Pursuing these lines of thought he came to perceive more and more clearly what was required, to appreciate the causes working for the good end, and likewise the obstacles that stood in the way. He was a Slav of the Slavs, and had an intense belief in his own people. He distinguished between the simple people and the higher classes. The latter, he allowed, were gangrened with infidelity and worldliness, but the mass of the people were profoundly religious, and had never abandoned the faith and the sacraments of their ancient Church, nor had ever participated in the acts which brought about the schism. Much was to be hoped for from them, but the difficulty was that the ruling bureaucracy had its own motives for keeping them in schism.

Whatever be the intrinsic qualities of the Russian people, they cannot act in a normal manner as long as their conscience and their thought is paralyzed by a *régime* of violence and obscurantism. What is needed before all, is to give them free access to the pure air and light, to take away the artificial barriers which keep the religious spirit of our nation in isolation and inertia, to open to it the straight road to complete and living truth.

But what about his own personal position? Did he ever go through a ceremony of reception into the unity of the Church? Till ten years after his death nothing was publicly known about this, but it has since transpired that he made his profession of faith before a Uniat Russian priest four years before his death.

If, when he was suddenly seized with his last illness in a country place, he called in the schismatic priest of the parish, this was fully in accord with Catholic loyalty, for every priest has jurisdiction from the Holy See for persons in danger of death.

During his life the Russian censorship put such obstacles in the way of the circulation of his writings in Russia, that they could not succeed in reaching more than a few readers. But since his early death in 1900, this prohibition has been withdrawn, and his posthumous influence in his native land seems to be considerable. In the *Novoïe Vremia* for July 31, 1910, M. Pertzov wrote of him :

It seems as if he had been writing only yesterday. He is the most contemporary of writers, the one most possessed by the spirit of the day. During his life he seemed not to belong to his time; now, Vladimir Soloviev circles, committees, associations, are forming everywhere. It is because attention is now turned towards the object which absorbed all his efforts, the mystic and religious value of life.

This present result of his past efforts explains why his French biographer presents him to his readers as "the Russian Newman."

5.—FUNDAMENTAL THEOLOGY.¹

It is about fourteen years since we had the pleasure of noticing the first volume of Father Ottiger's *Theologia Fundamentalis*, nor does this new volume of over a thousand pages complete his undertaking. There is a further volume to come on the exercise of the office of Infallibility, for which, if it is to maintain the same style and amplitude of treatment, we may have to wait some years more, nor can this lengthy period of incubation be resented, for work of this kind cannot be done without immense labour and reflexion. There is, indeed, a disposition now-a-days to deprecate all big treatises as setting too heavy a tax on the patience of the reader, and it is true that impatient readers had better leave big treatises alone. Still, for those who desire to get down to the roots of a subject, whether it be theology, or science, or history, big treatises are a necessity, and the small treatises are only

¹ *Theologia Fundamentalis Auctore Ignatio Ottiger, S.J. Tomus II. De Ecclesia Christi ut infallibili revelationis divinæ magistra. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder. Pp. xxiii, 1061. Price, 24s. 1911.*

tolerable because they prepare the way for the others, and can count on their support. We may then predict for this new volume, which comprises the more fundamental and more important questions *de Ecclesia*, a warm welcome among theologians, with a readiness to wait the necessary time for the volume yet to come.

The ground covered by his work is summarized by the author in the following passage :

Having in the former part of this work proved the existence of a divine revelation, and, in particular, of the Christian revelation, it remains to inquire whether Christ left His revelation to private individuals to propagate, to preserve, and to the extent of their lights to understand, or whether He established certain institutions suited to preserve the Christian religion, to propagate it, and to interpret its message aright. In other words, we have to inquire whether He instituted a living body of teachers endowed by Himself with infallible authority, whose office is not only to propagate his entire revelation throughout the world, but also to teach it at all times in its completeness, free from all corruption of error, and thus to guard it in its integrity for ever. . . . We affirm [that is, shall prove] that such a teaching body living and infallible, was really established by Christ, and that only in the Roman Catholic Church is it to be found ; so that this Church is the only true and trustworthy teacher of the Christian revelation, and therefore the true Church of Christ ; that the certain knowledge of the teaching of Christ can be had free from error, only through recourse to this one teacher ; and that every man is bound in conscience to enter this Church and to follow it. Further, after it has been shown that the Roman Catholic Church is truly the infallible teacher, it will remain [namely, in the volume to come] to inquire in what manner the Church discharges its office of infallible teacher.

Readers who are familiar with scholastic treatises will recognize in this summary the beaten track to which they are accustomed, but what is special in Father Ottiger's book is that, to repeat our criticism on the former volume, it may be said to exhaust all that has been written on the subject it takes in hand, allowing no aspect of it to pass unconsidered, and no difficulty of modern times to lack a careful examination. Nor does it result from this comprehensiveness that the criticism is at all superficial ; everywhere it is accurate, solid, and based on the most trustworthy authorities. The author does not waste his words, but at the same time he does not economize his space at the cost of

thoroughness. Some of the sections dealing with particular episodes are so full that, if published separately, they would make up into quite respectable volumes. It is impossible to illustrate by quotations a feature like this, but we may refer to the discussion of St. Peter's Roman episcopate, which takes up sixty-five pages, that of the moral conduct and moral teaching of the founders of the Reformation, which also takes sixty-five, and the discussion of the famous passage in which St. Irenæus refers to the *potentior principalitas* of the Roman Church, which has twenty pages. From this it may be guessed that this is no book in which the initiated student has to be contented with snippets from the work of those whose opinions are contested. Other instances of discussions which are sufficiently thorough without taking up quite so much space are the sections on the alleged belief of the Apostles that the Second Coming of Christ was imminent, on the current rationalistic theories to explain the rise of ecclesiastical power, on the question of religious intolerance, on the distinction between unlawful and lawful usury, on the comparative statistics of morality in Protestant and Catholic countries, on Catholic and Protestant Missions, on Ecclesiastical Miracles, on the Galileo case, on the influence of the Confessional, even on such questions as the alleged ascription to the Popes of Divine attributes, or such popular charges as that the Church keeps no faith with heretics, will dispense with any sort of oath or vow when the interests of the Church require it, gives men leave to receive Communion even though living in concubinage. Many of these matters are not usually included in treatises on the Church, but their inclusion in Father Ottiger's book shows what a mine it is of treasures for the use of those called upon to defend the Church.

Short Notices.

IT is ten years since M. l'Abbé Chauvin, by means of his excellent biography, **Le Père Gratry** (Bloud, 4.00 fr.), saved from falling into an undeserved oblivion the memory of one of the most interesting figures in the French Church during the last century. His labours for that end have been marked with such success that he has recently been able to issue a new and enlarged edition of his work. He differs from Cardinal Perraud, another labourer in the same field, in his estimate of some points of the career and character of his subject, and there are certainly possibilities of taking divergent views of Père Gratry's conduct during the Vatican Council. It is singular to read that, whilst still an Oratorian, he was publicly censured by his superior for joining an association called the "International League for Peace." The trend of his purely philosophical writings, which inclined towards Pragmatism, is more clearly perceptible now than it was in his own day, but there can be only one opinion of the zeal for God's service and the good of humanity which always inspired him. His biographer touches lightly on his attitude towards the dogma of infallibility and the circumstances which led to his retirement from the Oratory, but he shows the excellence of the dispositions in which he died, after making a full and public retraction of his mistaken opinions.

Father Bannwart, S.J. is to be congratulated on the success of his admirable tenth edition of Denzinger's invaluable **Enchiridion**, which has enabled him to bring out an eleventh (Herder: 6s. cloth) after the lapse of only three years. The new edition does not contain many striking changes and improvements such as characterized the tenth: it is of course brought up to date, and certain additions of earlier documents are inserted in an Appendix. We can only repeat in still more hearty terms our former commendation of this indispensable work.

During the celebration by the irreligious Government of Italy of the jubilee of those first acts of spoliation which had their culmination in the seizure of Rome, the publication of **Rome est au Pape** (Lethielleux: 0.60 fr.), certain powerful extracts from the writings of Louis Veuillot, comes with singular opportuneness. Acquiescence in the *fait accompli* in defect of any present prospect of remedy should not lead Catholics to condone in any way that monstrous series of robberies, which, if perpetrated against some heathen nation, would have roused the indignation of all the humanitarians of Europe and America. The historical knowledge and incisive pen of the great French journalist, will serve to keep the memory of that unrepented outrage green.

Who form the "Society of SS. Peter and Paul" from which we have received a beautifully printed **Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary** (2s. net, cloth), we have no means of determining, nor again for what purpose it is issued. If for private devotion, why are the choir-rubrics inserted? if for choir-use, why in English? It may be intended for some Anglican sisterhood, and the fact that the translations of Scripture do not follow our version points in the same direction.

The Catholic Church does not place in the hands of inexperienced youth to interpret as they will that most difficult of books (taken as a whole) the Bible, yet she is as solicitous as any Bibliolatrous sect to give her children simple Bible teaching. For this purpose Dr. Schuster's **Illustrated Bible Teaching** (Herder: 1s. 3d. bound), revised by Mrs. Sadlier, has won deserved acceptance. The present is the twelfth edition, and is both well-bound for school use and very cheap.

Père A. Nouvelle, of the French Oratory, has published a volume on the Last Discourse of our Lord, which is not wholly exegetical nor wholly affective, but a judicious blend of the two. As nowhere else in the New Testament is the true spirit of Christ more fully revealed than in the words and actions of the Last Supper, these **Méditations sur l'Evangile selon S. Jean** (Bloud, 3.00 fr.) will be found very useful by those whose holy ambition is to understand and to acquire that spirit more and more fully.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have sent us a reprint of the late E. H. Thompson's **Devotion to the Nine Choirs of Holy Angels** (2s. 6d. net.), which, first published in 1869, is itself a translation from the Abbé Boudon, a French writer of the seventeenth century. Its date and the country of its origin will prepare the English reader for much not in accordance with modern taste—a declamatory style, for instance, and an over-credulous disposition. The book would be more serviceable if thoroughly revised, for there is room in English for a good doctrinal and devotional treatise on the Holy Angels, and there is much in Père Boudon's book which might be omitted as referring to practices not known amongst us here and now.

There is a great satisfaction in confuting an adversary "out of his own mouth," *i.e.*, of showing him that by his principles or his admissions he has refuted himself. And the satisfaction is the greater if the adversary is one of those whose materialistic tenets would, if generally adopted, plunge the world into license and anarchy. For such men are in reality what the pagan Romans called the first Christians—*hostes generis humani*. That satisfaction in a very ample degree must be experienced by M. Antonio Eymieu of Marseilles, who in a volume entitled **Naturalisme devant la Science** (Perrin, 3.50 fr.) shows conclusively and in great detail the incompatibility of much pseudo-scientific dogmatism about the problems of the universe with the genuine principles of Science itself. It is an admirable work, admirably performed.

The Editors of the posthumous second volume of Father Charles de Smedt's **Notre Vie Surnaturelle** (Dewit, 3.00 fr.) assure us that the venerable author left it practically ready for the press before his death in the spring of this year. Grace and the theological virtues occupied the previous volume—this is concerned with the moral virtues and the conditions, negative and positive, required for full spiritual activity. The treatment is marked throughout by a spirit of sweetness, and the chapters on Temptations, Scruples, and Vain Fears will be found especially consoling.

The Series *Femmes de France* (Lethielleux, 0.60 fr. each) has been increased by several other volumes—**Eugénie de Guérin** and **Mlle. de Lespinasse**, both by M. A. Prat, and **Mme. Octave Feuillet**, by M. de Vareilles-Sommières. Matthew Arnold has familiarized English readers with the delicate sensibility of Eugénie de Guérin, which may be seen here in her intimate correspondence. She was a Christian through and through. But Mlle. de Lespinasse, the friend of d'Alembert, was a mere Pagan, and M. Prat has apparently written this sketch of her to provide "an awful

example" of the vanity of living for the pleasures of this life alone. As for Madame Octave Feuillet, her personality has been somewhat overshadowed by the renown of her husband. Mlle. de Vareilles-Sommières shows her to have been, not only a Christian wife and mother, but also a capable writer on her own account in the fields both of fiction and of history.

By way of a Catholic contribution to the celebrations in honour of the Tercentenary of the Authorized Version, Father Graham, of Motherwell, has published a very readable volume—**Where we got the Bible** (Sands, 6d.)—which, if our opponents could be induced to read it, would put an end once for all to non-Catholic misrepresentations of the Church's attitude to God's Word. The work is historical, not theological, and traces the history of the fortunes of the Scriptures, first collected and authenticated by the care of the Church, and preserved through the ages previous to printing by the labours of her children. The cheapness of the book should make it useful in places where the perennial objections regarding the Catholic view of the Bible are being revived.

Under the title of **La Force Morale** (Lethielleux, 2.00 fr.), M. Georges Legrand has written a clear and practical exposition of St. Thomas's doctrine on Fortitude,—showing its relation to other virtues, such as magnanimity and humility, with which it is naturally allied and with which it is sometimes set at variance. His conclusion is that the virtue may be exercised constantly in small things, for thus the habit is formed which some day may have to stand an heroic test.

Interest in mysticism, to judge by the books published on the subject, is growing apace. M. l'Abbé Jules Pacheu, who, two years ago, collected together the *data* of Christian mysticism, in a volume which we have not seen, follows it up by a criticism of that material entitled, **L'Expérience mystique et l'Activité Subconsciente** (Perrin: 3.50 fr.). M. Pacheu makes no pretence of writing "from the inside;" he simply takes the facts as recorded, and subjects them as phenomena to scientific criticism. The great difficulty in all this study is, of course, to separate the natural from the supernatural, the normal from the morbid, the counterfeit from the true. Many people do not distinguish Mysticism from Spiritualism; intercourse, that is, with God, the Supreme Spirit, from dealing with created spirits of presumably diabolic origin. M. Pacheu, after a short examination of the phenomena, puts all such wickedness and fraud on one side, and considers only how far the "subliminal self" is responsible for the facts recounted by the real Mystics. The study is clear, logical, and instructive. The Abbé vindicates mysticism proper from various false developments, and shows it to be fundamentally sane and reasonable, as also the asceticism which invariably accompanies it.

Mrs. Maude's latest story, **Right and Might** (Washbourne, 3s. 6d.), is dedicated aptly enough to Mgr. R. H. Benson, for it concerns a period on which he has expended some of his best work—the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. The book is well-written, full of careful studies of the period, and takes in many details from contemporary documents, but it is not easy* to make a story live when the historic framework is fixed beforehand, and individual fortunes must be mere reflections of those of the nation at large.

Messrs. Longmans have added to their wonderfully cheap sixpenny editions a translation of Abbé Fouard's **St. Paul and His Missions**, which makes a volume of over 200 pages, and may be had in cloth for a shilling. A very valuable addition to Parish Libraries and others.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- FROM THE AUTHOR.
La Doctrine Scholastique de la Guerre. By A. Vanderpol (pamphlet). 1911. *The Layfolks' Guide to the Decree "Ne Temere."* By J. F. Schofield. 1911. *State Education in New South Wales.* By P. S. Cleary, S.J. Pp. 44. Price, 3d. 1911. *The C. B. Brigade Prayer-Book.* By the Chaplain-General.
- ANGELUS Co., Norwood.
The Home of Evangeline. By A. L. Fringle. Pp. 190. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1911.
- ANIMALS' FRIEND SOCIETY.
How Sealskins are Obtained. By Joseph Collinson. Sport. By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. 2d. each, post free.
- BENZIGER, New York.
Come, let us Adore! Compiled by Rev. B. Hammer, O.F.M. Pp. xiii, 355. Price, 2s. 6d. 1911. *The Holy Viaticum of Life as of Death.* By Rev. D. A. Dever, Ph. D. Pp. 184. Price, 3s. 1911.
- BEYAERT, Bruges.
Manuale Missionarium. By Father V. ab Appeltern, O.C. 2a edit. Pp. xvi, 250. Price, 4.00 fr. (bound). 1911.
- BLOUD ET CIE., PARIS.
Loures. Les Apparitions. By Comte J. de Beaucorps. Pp. 300. Price, 3.00 fr. 1911. *La Mennais: pages et pensées Catholiques.* Selected by Lucie Maugin-Enlart. Pp. xvi, 202. Price, 2.50 fr. 1911.
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Further Notes on St. Paul. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. Pp. 203. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1911. *Communion Day.* By Father M. Russell, S.J. 3rd Edit. Pp. x, 244. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1911.
- CAHILL, Dublin.
St. Cecilia's Hymn Book with Music. Edited by A. de Meulmeester. Pp. xiv, 224. 1911.
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The Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. VII. Pp. x, 553. Price, 9s. net. 1911. *The Patriarchs of Constantinople.* By C. D. Cobham, C.M.G. Pp. 106. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1911. *The Philosophical Works of Descartes.* Vol. I. Translated into English by Elizabeth Haldane, LL.D. and G. R. T. Ross, M.A. Pp. vi, 452. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1911.
- CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York.
Ritus Consecrationis Altaris. (In Latin and English.) Pp. 95. Price, 50 cents.
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The Cults and Christianity. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Pp. 72. Price, 3d. 1911. *Index to Lectures on History of Religions.* Price, 1d. *Religious Instruction.* By the Bishop of Newport. *Collected Publications.* Vols. 84, 85. Price, 1s. each. *Lectures on the History of Religions.* Vol. V. Price, 1s. 6d. 1911. *How I made my Retreat.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. Pp. 79. Price, 3d. 1911.
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The Black Friars of Edinburgh. By W. Moir Bryce. Pp. 96.
- DEWIT, Brussels.
Notre Vie Surnaturelle. Vol. II. By Ch. de Smedt, S.J. Pp. xi, 503. Price, 4.00 fr. 1911.
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Benedictine Pioneers in Australia. By Dom Norbert Birt, O.S.B. 2 Vols. Pp. xvi, 504, 516. Price, 25s. net.
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- KING AND SON, London.
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A New Rome. By R. de Bary. Pp. vi, 100. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1911. *St. Vincent Ferrer, O.P.* By Fr. S. M. Hogan, O.P. Pp. viii, 117. Price, 1s. 6d. 1911. *St. Antony of Padua.* By C. M. Antony. Pp. xvi, 110. Price, 1s. 6d. 1911. *St. Paul and his Missions.* Translated from Abbé Fouard's *Saint Paul*, Popular Edition. Pp. xii, 216. Price, 6d. net. 1911. *The Queen's Fillet.* By P. A. Canon Sheehan, D.D. Pp. vi, 376. Price, 6s. 1911. *Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist.* By Thomas Dwight, M.D., LL.D. Pp. viii, 243. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1911.
- METHUEN, London.
A Simple Plan for a New House of Lords. By A. M. S. Methuen. Pp. 22. Price, 2d. 1911.
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Le Naturalisme devant la Science. By A. Eymieu. Pp. xiii, 365. Price, 3.50 fr. 1911. *Lamennais et le Saint-Siège : 1820—1834.* By Paul Duden. Pp. xii, 444. 1911. *L'Expérience Mystique et L'Activité Subconsciente.* By Jules Pacheu. Pp. vii, 314. Price, 3.50 fr.
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Manual of Latin Phonography (Pitman's Shorthand adapted to the Latin Language.) By Rev. W. Tatlock, S.J. Pp. 55. 1911.
- RAUCH, Innsbruck.
Pädagogische Grundfragen. Von Franz Krus, S.J., S.T.D. Pp. xi, 450. Price, 3.92 m. c. 1911.
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St. Margaret; Queen of Scotland. Pp. xv, 253. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1911. *St. Patrick: Apostle of Ireland.* Pp. xi, 274. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1911.
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When Satan took Flesh. A novel for married persons. Pp. 331. Price, 6s. 1911.
- TIPOGRAFIA PONTIFICIA, Turin.
Martyrologium Romanum. Edit. 4a. Pp. xcii, 446. Price, 3.00 fr. 1911. *Disputationes Theologiae Moralis.* Vol. I. Auctore Arthuro Cozzi, S.T.D. Pp. 316. Price, 3.50 fr. 1911. *Istruzioni Parrocchiali sulla Dottrina Christiana.* By Padre Pietro Boggio. Pp. viii, 556. Price, 4.00 fr. 1911. *Il Catechismo Maggiore di Pio X. Speggiato al Popolo.* By Padre Gilberto Dianda. Vol. I. Pp. 476. Price, 3.50 fr. 1911. *La Sacra Liturgia.* 2 Vols. By Ugo Mioni. Pp. 431, 423. Price, 8.00 fr. 1911. *La Regola de Terz' Ordine Franciscano: Il Terz' Ordine Franciscano e la Giurisprudenza Ecclesiastica.* By Padre G. Cerri, O.F.M. Pp. 196, 124. Price, 1.20 fr., 1.50 fr. 1911.
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SOME FOREIGN REVIEWS.

Summary of Contents.

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